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ABSTRACT

The eight narratives and tales collected here were told by elders of Chevak, an Alaskan village, and tape-recorded there in 1977 and 1978. An introductory section describes the village, dialect usage, and some background on the stories and story genres. The stories are divided into two parts according to an important native distinction between narratives, which are based on a known person's experience, and traditional tales, those said to have originated with ancient ancestors. The cultural context of storytelling, narrative performance, and the rendering of narrative performance on the printed page are also discussed. Each narrative and tale is accompanied by an English translation, and notes on these translations are included in the introduction. Contains 10 references. (MSE)

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CEV'ARMIUT QANEMCIIT QULIRAIT–LLU

Eskimo Narratives and Tales from Chevak, Alaska

compiled and edited by Anthony C. Woodbury

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CEV'ARMIUT QANEMCIIT QULIRAIT—LLU

Eskimo Narratives and Talés from Chevak, Alaska

told by
Tom Imgalrea
Jacob Nash
Thomas Moses
Leo Moses
Mary Kokrak

translated by Leo Moses
and Anthony C. Woodbury

compiled and edited by
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Cev'armiut pitekluki.

For the people of Chevak.

Chevak seen from the bank of the Ninglikfak River, November 1978. (Photo by Anthony Woodbury.)

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Qissunaq people on Easter afternoon in front of the trading post at the Old Chevak site, around 1945. Qissunaq people were later to move to Old Chevak after extensive flooding at Qissunaq. (Photo by Father Jules Convert, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives and James H. Barker.)

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PREFACE

This collection of narratives and tales grew out of the editor's linguistic investigations into the grammar of the dialect of Central Alaskan Yup'ik Eskimo spoken in Chevak, Alaska. Thanks are due, above all, to the storytellers, for performing their *qanemcit* and *qulirat* when the tape recorder was on, and to Rosemary Sylvester for providing a copy of the tape she made of the *qulireq* by her late grandmother, Mary Kokrak. The editor is also very grateful to Leo Moses, who has served as his principal linguistic consultant during his trips to Chevak in 1978, 1980, and 1983. Mr. Moses dictated the stories from the tapes clearly and slowly so that they could be written down, and gave both word-by-word and free translations with consummate skill and sensitivity. Mary Moses and Peter Imgalrea provided additional help in dictation. This volume has benefited greatly from Elsie Mather and Phyllis Morrow's work in Bethel, Alaska on Yup'ik oral performance, and from the findings and experience of them and their co-workers in the course of rendering a large number of tape-recorded Yup'ik narratives on paper in line, verse, and stanza format.

In addition to doing design, layout, typesetting, and production supervision for this collection, Jane McGary of the Alaska Native Language Center has provided important comments and substantive help in improving the translations and transcriptions of the stories. The editor also wishes to thank Lawrence D. Kaplan, Phyllis Morrow, and Irene Reed for reading and commenting on the manuscript.

The photographs, other than those by the editor, were furnished by James H. Barker, a photographer based in Bethel, who is well known in Alaska for his work in Eskimo regions. He is also responsible for finding, cataloging, and putting together information on a large body of photographs taken by missionaries in western Alaska in the early twentieth century. The Qissunaq pictures reproduced here are among them.

The editor gratefully acknowledges support for the research of which this collection is a happy by-product: from the American Philosophical Society, Phillips Fund; the National Science Foundation; the Whatcom Museum, Melville and Elizabeth Jacobs Research Fund; and the Smithsonian Institution, Urgent Anthropology Grants Program. The editor alone is to be held accountable for any inaccuracies or errors that may have come about in production of this collection.

Two hundred copies of this volume will be distributed free among the households of Chevak. Should sales of the book result in any profits, the Alaska Native Language Center will use that money to subsidize further publishing in the Native languages of Alaska.

Chevak seen from below the bluff, November 1978. (Photo by Anthony Woodbury)

Chevak, December 1978. (Photo by Anthony Woodbury.)

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Rising above an entirely flat wet tundra environment just a few miles inland from the Bering Sea, the village of Qissunaq was built on high ground formed in part by the accumulations of long habitation. (Photo by Father Jules Convert, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives and James H. Barker.)

INTRODUCTION

The narratives and tales presented here were told by elders of Chevak, Alaska, and were recorded on tape there in 1977 and 1978. The purpose of this collection is to bring out a small selection from the rich oral traditions of Chevak and the surrounding Yup'ik-speaking regions for readers of Yup'ik and of English, and in doing so to render on paper, in both the original Yup'ik and in the English translations, something of the storytellers' actual spoken delivery.

Chevak, Alaska

Chevak, Alaska, is a village of about 466 people (1980 U.S. Census), almost all of whom are Yup'ik Eskimos. It is situated on the Ninglikfak River thirteen miles inland from Hooper Bay on the Bering Sea, near the middle of the long stretch of southwestern Alaskan coastline between the mouths of the Yukon River to the north and the Kuskokwim River to the south. The present village site was settled in the early 1950s after an earlier site five miles to the south, now called Old Chevak, was abandoned because of frequent flooding.Only a few years before that, the same problem had driven the people from the old village of Qissunaq (popularly written "Kashunuk") near the mouth of the Kashunuk River, ten miles south of modern Chevak.

Qissunaq had been an important permanent settlement, and as a "winter village" was the home base for people who spent the rest of the year in smaller seasonal villages and camps scattered along the nearby coast, rivers, and tundra in pursuit of their livelihood. By the time it was abandoned because of flooding, Qissunaq had taken in the populations of a number of smaller winter villages nearby, part of a general trend in the 1920s, 1930s, and early 1940s toward consolidation in regional centers. These villages, situated near the mouths of the Kashunuk, Manokinak, and Azun rivers, included Ituremiut, Qangllumiut, Qiqnermiut, and others. As children, many Chevak elders spent their winters in one of these villages rather than in Qissunaq. In the Kashunuk region there are sites of more ancient villages. One of them, Qavinarmiut (which Qissunaq people sometimes called *Nunallret* 'abandoned village') is the scene of the beginning of Thomas Moses's *qanemciq* (narrative) in this volume.

Modern Chevak stretches along a high bluff above the winding Ninglikfak River. Physically, Chevak consists of several hundred wooden frame houses and a number of community buildings. The largest structure is a modern school building; the village is unusual in having brought its schools entirely under the control of its own local school district. Other buildings include a new Catholic church with a Jesuit priest in residence year-round, a clinic with several full-time health aides, a post office, a city office building, and several stores, including a general store owned by a village corporation in which all residents are shareholders. Also prominent in the village are an oil-powered electrical generator, a gravel airstrip receiving several flights a day from Bethel (the regional hub 200 miles to the southeast), and two recently installed dish antennas to receive signals for home telephone service and cable television.

Technological and social change has indeed been rapid in the North American Arctic, so much that the Arctic of popular imagination, with its igloos, dogsleds, and famines, is by now long gone. For example, for the Chevak people, traditional semisubterranean sod houses—it was only Eskimos of arctic Canada who lived in houses of ice—disappeared with the move from Qissunaq in the late 1940s. But if the technological setting in Chevak and other Yup'ik villages strikes the outsider as less traditional than expected, there are also some very important ways in which life there remains impressively traditional. One of these is the predominantly subsistence-based economy. Most food consumed in Chevak is hunted, caught, or gathered, including seal, walrus, salmon, herring, blackfish, arctic tomcod, shellfish, goose, duck, ptarmigan, eggs, wild plants, and berries. In addition, scarce driftwood for sweatbaths, snow for water, and grass for basket-making are gathered. The snow machine and outboard motor have made it possible to travel to where such resources are available and at the same time live in the huge (by the standards of an arctic ecology) sedentary villages whose establishment was the first step in the technological change just described.

Another impressively traditional feature of modern Yup'ik life, especially in Chevak, is the vitality of the native language. Of about 17,000 Yup'iks, around 14,000 speak the language on a daily basis, including a majority of children. This makes the Yup'iks one of the largest Native American linguistic communities in the United States today. The language itself is technically known as *Central Alaskan Yupik Eskimo* to distinguish it from the other Yupik Eskimo languages of Alaska and nearby Siberia; however, it is usually enough simply to call it *Yup'ik* (pronounced "Yupe-pick"). The word *Yup'ik* means 'Eskimo' or literally 'original person'. Today, four dialects of Yup'ik are spoken. One of them, the Hooper Bay-Chevak dialect, is found exclusively in Chevak and—with slight differences—in Hooper Bay, its nearest neighbor.[1] The other three dialects are the Nunivak dialect, spoken on Nunivak Island off the Bering Sea coast to the south of Chevak; the Norton Sound dialect, spoken on the south shore of Norton Sound east of the Yukon River mouth at Kotlik and Unalakleet, and in a tiny pocket on the north shore at Elim and Golovin; and the General Central Yup'ik dialect, spoken in all the other areas not mentioned already between the Yukon Delta in the north and Bristol Bay and Lake Iliamna in the south. The General Central Yup'ik area therefore includes Nelson Island as well as the inland areas along the lower Yukon, Kuskokwim, and Nushagak rivers including the large towns of St. Mary's, Bethel, and Dillingham. The Yup'ik language as a whole is bordered on Norton Sound in the north by the Inupiaq Eskimo language, and on the south at the Alaska Peninsula by the Pacific Yupik or Alutiiq Eskimo language. Farther inland and toward Cook Inlet in the south, it is bordered by several different Athabaskan Indian languages. For more information on the geographical distribution of Alaska Native languages, see Michael Krauss's map, *Native Peoples and Languages of Alaska* (see bibliography).

As mentioned, the native language is vigorous in most Yup'ik areas. Nevertheless, changes in southwestern Alaska have been so swift in the past several generations that even

[1]In the Chevak subdialect itself, the word *Yup'ik* 'Eskimo; original person' comes out as *Cup'ik* (pronounced *"CHUPE-pick"*) , and in fact *Cup'ik* is what people there prefer to call the language in English as well. I will continue to use *Yup'ik* for the language as a whole simply because it is the name by which it is most widely known.

in villages like Chevak it will take a strong effort to establish and maintain a stable Yup'ik-English bilingualism in which neither language loses out. Literacy in Yup'ik is an important step in achieving that goal, and it is hoped that this volume will contribute by making reading matter available to the people of Chevak and Hooper Bay in their own dialect, and by broadening the native-language literature available to Yup'ik speakers to include the contributions of Chevakers.

Qanemcit and Qulirat: Two Native Literary Genres

The stories in this collection are divided into two groups according to an important native distinction between *qanemcit* 'narratives' and *qulirat* 'tales'.[2] *Qulirat* are traditional tales that have been passed on from generation to generation and which are said to have originated with remote ancestors, rather than with any specific, known storyteller of the present or past. Although they may be set in real places, *qulirat* never involve particular individuals who were definitely known to have existed. Frequently, in fact, the characters seem to be generalized representations of whole classes of individuals. For example, Thomas Moses's *qulireq* tells about *some* great hunter and his daughter, and *some* muskrat, but it has no named characters. In Mary Kokrak's *qulireq,* all the characters—the younger sister, the ugly man, the grandmother, and so on—are general types, with the exception of the oldest brother, who is given a name, Uyivaangaq.

Of the three *qulirat* presented here, Thomas Moses's is of a widespread type which deals with the transformation of animals into people and people into animals. Mary Kokrak's is a tale of abduction and revenge set within the human world, but with a few hints of the supernatural. This too is a familiar type. Other kinds of *qulirat* include those relating the exploits of animal characters like Raven (or "Crow"), Mink, and others; those relating the exploits of culture heroes, such as Apanuugpak in *qulirat* told by natives of the Nelson Island and lower Kuskokwim River region just south of Chevak; those told by women to their children; and those explaining the origins of the things of the world, from the first appearance of man, to how the arctic loon got its coloring, to the origins of particular villages, to the origins and meanings of yearly festivals.

A *qanemciq* is any narrative based on a known person's knowledge and experience, whether that person is the storyteller himself or some more remote source from whom the storyteller, directly or indirectly, acquired the narrative. *Qanemcit* are always felt to have originated with some particular person, whether that person is known or not, and in that way they differ from *qulirat,* which are said to originate from very ancient ancestors. The characters too are identifiable in *qanemcit* and are known to exist or to have existed. For example, the shaman Kangciurluq in Thomas Moses's "Angalkullret/The Old Shamans" definitely existed: he is known as the kinsman of many people living today and was personally known to older Chevakers. He appears on the left in the photograph at the beginning of the story, taken around 1928. On the other hand, characters in *qanemcit* that have passed from one storyteller to another are often known in no other way. For example, Cagniimqurraq, in Jacob Nash's

[2]The words *qanemcit* and *qulirat* are plurals. The corresponding singulars are *qanemciq* and *qulireq*.

second *qanemciq* is known only from the story, whose origin Mr. Nash traces to the now abandoned village of Kayalivik, situated near its modern successor Newtok just north of Nelson Island.

As with *qulirat*, *qanemcit* come in many different types. Of the five *qanemcit* in this collection, the first two are based on the narrators' personal experiences and describe the yearly cycle from fall to winter, spring, and summer in the time of their youth. Jacob Nash's second *qanemciq* and Thomas Moses's first are both stories of particular individuals' exploits and involve elements of the supernatural. The same is so for Mr. Moses's *qanemciq* "Angalkullret/ The Old Shamans," except that it, unlike the first two mentioned, is an account of things witnessed directly by the storyteller. Historical accounts make up another familiar type of *qanemciq*. Well known among those from the coastal region around Chevak is the story of a great battle at Hooper Bay between the inhabitants of Hooper Bay, Qissunaq, Nelson Island, and Nunivak Island on one side, and a war party from the Yukon River region on the other. Also included among *qanemcit* are *alangruat*, 'ghost stories.' These are frequently told to children. The fact that they are considered to be *qanemcit* is interesting because it shows us that the *qulireq* category is narrower than the *fiction* category used in European-based cultures. *Alangruat* are *fiction*, of course, because they deal with the supernatural, but since they are not regarded as having been *passed down from ancient ancestors*, they do not qualify as *qulirat* in the Yup'ik system. As with ghost stories in most cultures, Yup'ik *alangruat* are vividly presented as the actual experiences of known individuals and hence exactly fit the definition of the *qanemciq*. Serious students of oral literatures around the world feel that it is important to take great care in defining native languages' terms for different narrative genres, as has been done here, for to rely on foreign distinctions is almost certain to lessen one's understanding and appreciation of the native material.

Some Historical Connections

As mentioned, *qulirat* are very old by native accounts and are said to have originated with ancient ancestors. The antiquity of these stories is borne out by the fact that many of them are very widespread. There are certain *qulirat* that are told by almost every Eskimo group. For example, there is a story of the origin of the moon as a woman and the sun as a man chasing her across the sky; it is told by Eskimo storytellers from Siberia to Greenland. As stories spread across distances over a period of time, different versions develop. In the *qulireq* just mentioned, only the barest essentials are shared by all versions, the rest being different in the different areas where it is told.

In this collection, an example of a very widely diffused narrative is the *qulireq* by Mary Kokrak. Nearly the same story serves as the first part of a long tale told by an Inupiaq Eskimo storyteller from Sledge Island, near Nome, to Edward W. Nelson during his stay in western Alaska from 1877 to 1881 (published in his report *The Eskimo about Bering Strait*, pp. 499-505). In that version the youngest brother and younger sister are both lost, and the four older brothers eventually find their sister in the hands of an evil shaman at the Siberian Yupik village of Ungaziq opposite St. Lawrence Island. Along with having essentially the same plot, it is clear that this is the same story as Mrs. Kokrak's from the many specific details they share. For instance, in the Sledge Island version the captured girl is found totally emaciated and clothed

in coarse sealskin, while in Mrs. Kokrak's *qulireq* the captured boy is emaciated and wearing coarse caribou skin; a bowhead whale bone with sharp edges is used by the Sledge Island storyteller's wicked shaman to behead two of the brothers, while Mrs. Kokrak's wicked hunter uses the same device to torture his captive; and in both versions the oldest brother wrestles with the villain and then kills him by squeezing him until his blood spurts out of his mouth. We can thus conclude that a specific form of the story found its way around a fairly large area of western Alaska and entered the traditions of peoples speaking quite different Eskimo languages, Inupiaq and Yup'ik. The Sledge Island version has a second part in which the returning brothers and their sister, failing to follow ritual instructions, turn into stone figures. This theme is even more widely diffused, occurring in Indian traditions from the upper Yukon in the Alaskan interior to the Nass River in British Columbia.[3]

In the cases of such widespread stories, it is unlikely that an "original" version could be reconstructed, since with each telling the story is at least in part created anew. Further, it is not possible to say whether the Sledge Island version is an amalgamation of two stories, or a single story whose last part was not included in Mrs. Kokrak's version, for both it and Mrs. Kokrak's story are experienced by the reader or listener as integrated and whole works of extraordinary narrative art. What the wide diffusion of such stories does do is to remind us that intricate and extensive intercommunication and cultural exchange took place among the native peoples of the Bering Sea and the American Northwest long before the arrival of Europeans.

The Context of Storytelling

Just as important as the *qanemcit* and *qulirat* themselves is the context in which storytelling takes place and the role it plays in people's lives. In traditional Yup'ik society, storytelling was not (and is not) something that was restricted to certain classes of people; it was open to everyone. Young girls told stories to their companions, illustrating them with drawings scratched in the earth or snow with specially carved *story knives;* women told stories to their small children at night to induce them to sleep; men on hunting expeditions told each other stories as they camped at night; there were *qulirat* associated with ceremonies such as the *Bladder Festival* (described in Tom Imgalrea's "Ak'a Piciryarallrat/The Way They Lived Long Ago"), told by shamans who conducted the rituals; and men told *qulirat* and *qanemcit* as they passed time in the *qaygiq* (men's communal house).

From this one gets some idea of the many different parts storytelling played (and continues to play) in Yup'ik society. One especially important contribution of storytelling is in ordering, organizing, and transmitting cultural knowledge and experience. Traditionally, elders with distinguished memories, both men and women, were regarded as custodians of cultural and practical knowledge. They recited it explicitly in the form of instructions and injunctions for the benefit of younger people and expressed themselves allegorically using *qulirat* and *qanemcit.* Today this continues to be a responsibility taken very seriously by Yup'ik elders, who frequently point out that it is only by constant repetition that a traditional oral corpus such as theirs is assured of transmission to succeeding generations.

[3]Jane McGary, personal communication.

Storytelling is also simply a source of immense pleasure for Yup'ik people. As a story is told, I have often seen people show this by reclining or leaning back in their seats with their eyes half-closed, responding with satisfied murmurs and comments at appropriate points. Such satisfaction is also evident in the acclaim given a daily radio program in Bethel, Alaska, over which stories by elders from around the Yup'ik region are broadcast.

Narrative Performance

Thus, Yup'ik storytelling takes place in many settings and contributes in many important ways to Yup'ik society. Now, in our consideration so far, we have been regarding stories as "things" which are handed from generation to generation and from region to region and which play a role in society. But it is important to realize that they are actually delivered in very different ways on different occasions. This is called *narrative performance*. A story told by the same person can change in form and content from one performance to the next. One performance may be longer, another shorter; in one performance the storyteller may add an episode or two, or go into more detail, while in another he may leave things out. A critical aspect of an oral performance is the audience. For example, the same story may be told to children to deliver a moral lesson and told to adults for amusement, and in each case the way it is performed will be quite different.

What actually appear in this collection are transcripts of single performances recorded on tape in Chevak. It is worthwhile to bear in mind the nature and circumstances of those performances so we can better interpret what we are reading. All but Mary Kokrak's *qulireq* were performed at my request so that I could tape them. While there were native Yup'ik speakers present at each performance, it is clear that the storytellers had their audience of outsiders very much in mind: for example, Tom Imgalrea says at the end of his *qanemciq* that he is describing *nallukengaten* 'the things you (singular) don't know about,' referring to the editor. The *qulireq* by Mary Kokrak was recorded in 1977 by Mrs. Kokrak's daughter, Rosemary Sylvester. Told to a group of Mrs. Kokrak's adult children, it is unique in this collection in that it occurred as part of the daily course of events in Chevak, rather than in response to a request of a visitor to the community. Needless to say, this is the best possible situation in the documentation of performances of oral literature. In recent years, a great many people in Alaskan villages have begun making valuable tapes of their elders' narrative performances and preserving them in local libraries and collections.

To convey something of the performances presented here, let me say a little about each of the storytellers and give some impression of their techniques. The late Tom Imgalrea's telling of the *qanemciq* presented here took place on an evening in mid-October at his home, with me, his wife Rose, and several of his sons present. Mr. Imgalrea, born at Qissunaq around 1915, had a very deep, resonant voice; he told his *qanemciq* sitting back in a chair, speaking in even, measured lines with long pauses between them.

Jacob Nash, born in the vicinity of Qissunaq perhaps ten or fifteen years after Mr. Imgalrea, performed his two *qanemcik* on an evening about a month later. Lying prone on a

mat at his home, with me sitting on the floor opposite, he spoke quickly and fluently, making very few gestures. I had the clear impression that he was addressing the audience who at some future time would read his words. In the second *qanemciq* he made some use of direct quotation and in doing so imitated the voices of his characters. (In one passage, for example, the protagonist Cagniimqurraq speaks with parodied General Central Yup'ik dialect features, appropriate to the area he was said to have come from.)

Thomas Moses performed his *qulireq* and two *qanemcik* at his home on a very blustery morning a few days earlier. His daughter-in-law, his two-year-old grandson, and I were present. Born at Qissunaq perhaps around 1905 or earlier, Mr. Moses spoke with great humor, taking clear pleasure in the enterprise. His style was marked by rapid cadence, but he created an impression of great slowness in scene-setting passages and great speed at moments of action by increasing and decreasing the length of his pauses between lines. While Mr. Moses did not make much use of direct quotation, his narrative voice used a broad range of expressive intonational contours.

Leo Moses, Thomas Moses's son, was born in 1933 at Qissunaq. He performed his *qulireq* sitting at the kitchen table in his home in the afternoon, with me, his wife Mary, and his son J.R. present. Mr. Moses's delivery was powerful, rapid, and passionate, like his father's in using a range of expressive intonational contours, but with very marked alternation of louds and softs. The song in the *qulireq* is the refrain of a longer dance-song which Mr. Moses had performed several days earlier. According to him, traditional Eskimo dancing is an inseparable part of the full performance of this *qulireq*, a point not lost on two-year-old J.R. who, when his father sang the song, began to giggle, waving his arms and turning his head like a dancer!

Finally, Mary Kokrak's performance, as mentioned earlier, took place in 1977 not long before her death. She was born around 1900, probably at Qissunaq. Mrs. Kokrak's delivery was vivid and extremely expressive. She used a different voice for each of her main characters: for the younger sister, a soft, gentle voice with clear vowels and very little differentiation of stressed and unstressed syllables, as is characteristic of some women's speech; for Uyivaangaq, a loud, deep voice; for the wicked shaman, a growling voice; for the grandmother, a high, squeaky voice; and so on. Perhaps most striking was the range of voice qualities Mrs. Kokrak allowed herself as narrator, from an incredible dry rasp, to a deep, quiet, seemingly emotionless voice used in relating events, to a higher, more compassionate, almost wailing voice.

Rendering Narrative Performance on the Printed Page

In the 1970s two linguistic anthropologists, Dennis Tedlock and Dell Hymes, pioneered new techniques for rendering traditional narratives in a format of lines, verses, and stanzas. Working with Native American materials from the western United States, they developed highly accurate, aesthetically satisfying transcriptions and translations. Tedlock's lines, verses, and stanzas, supplemented with striking typography, reflected the ups, downs, louds, softs, and pauses of the speaker's voice, while Hymes's, which were based on old written materials from extinct or nearly extinct languages, ingeniously brought out previously hidden aspects of literary structure. Both made it clear that renditions of oral narrative in dense, block-like

paragraphs deprived readers of much of what hearers of the narrative performance actually experienced. Indeed, as Hymes has said, the line, verse, and stanza format "slows the eye and hence feeds the mind."[4]

The format of the present collection is designed to render on paper some very important aspects of the spoken delivery of Yup'ik *qanemcit* and *qulirat*, as well as some rudimentary aspects of their literary structure. At the risk of becoming too technical, it seems useful to go into some detail about what the lines, verses, and stanzas really represent, for this will enable the reader to "hear" the texts, even if they are read in translation, with much greater fidelity.

To begin with, the lines into which each story is divided correspond to stretches of speech unbroken by pauses. Where the storyteller does pause, a new line begins.[5] This much is illustrated in the example below, which shows the first group of lines in Tom Imgalrea's *qanemciq* "Ak'a Piciryarallrat/The Way They Lived Long Ago." It has six lines, numbered one to six, and the Yup'ik version is reproduced so that the print goes up where the pitch of Mr. Imgalrea's voice went up, and down where the pitch of his voice went down. To the right of each line is an indication of the pause he made at the line's end, with the time of the pause given in seconds. To the right of that is a translation of each line.

Example: A representation of Mr. Imgalrea's spoken delivery of the first group of lines in his *qanemciq*. Line numbers given at the left of each line are at the height of the speaker's average speaking voice, and the lines can be seen to rise and fall relative to that height.

1	A_{k}'a-g'–pic$_{ir}$ya^{rall}^{ratneng}	PAUSE: 1.5 sec.	About the way they used to live
2	qan^{cuaqerciqelrianga}	PAUSE: 1.5 sec.	I'll say a little
3	ui tamaan'–a$_{ng}^{u}_{l}$$_{lemneng}$	PAUSE: 1 sec.	about what I caught (of it) then
4	a$_{ngu}$qa^{llem}$_{neng}$	PAUSE: .5 sec.	about what I barely caught (of it)
5	tan'gu^{rrau} llemni	PAUSE: 1.3 sec.	when I was a boy
6	camani–Qissu$_{nami}$	PAUSE: 4 sec.	down there at Qissunaq.

[4]Personal communication to Sally McLendon.
[5]Occasionally there is no pause between lines, but a sharp intonational discontinuity makes it clear that a line division is present all the same. Wherever this happens, the line on the Yup'ik side has been ended without punctuation.

The verses, which I prefer to call simply *groups*, represent several interlocking features of the spoken delivery; all of these are evident in the group in the example. They are the following:

(a) There tends to be what linguists call *downdrift* from one line to the next within a group; this means that each line is spoken at a slightly lower pitch—and sometimes in a softer voice—than the line that came before it. When a new group of lines begins, the storyteller returns to the higher pitch and the process begins all over again. This downdrift is noticeable in Mr. Imgalrea's delivery of the six-line group in the example.

(b) There tends to be a longer pause between groups of lines than there is between individual lines within a group. In Mr. Imgalrea's group in the example, notice that the longest pause, lasting four seconds, comes at the end of the group, while shorter pauses occur between the lines.

(c) Groups nearly always consist of one and sometimes two or three complete grammatical sentences, so that it is very rare for a single sentence to be divided between two groups. The group in the example is a single complete grammatical sentence.

(d) Groups often begin with *particles*, connective words such as *tawa—taw'* 'well, then...', *waten-llu* 'it was like this...', and *cuna-gguq* 'and then likewise...', among many others. This does not happen to occur in the group in the example, but it is common in the Yup'ik versions of the stories. Frequently too, the first word of the first line of a group is followed by one or more *enclitic particles* such as *-llu* 'and', *-gguq* 'it is said', *-am* 'again, indeed', and others. In the example, the englitic *-ga* (abbreviated to *-g'*) 'it seems...' follows the first word *ak'a* 'ago'.

(e) There is a tendency for the first line or several lines to end with a high or rising pitch, something like what is used in English for all but the last item in a list, for example, *We ate* soup, fish, carrots, potatoes, *and cake*. In Yup'ik as in English, this gives the feeling that there is still more to come. In the example, notice that lines 1 and 2 rise or remain high in this way (the slight drop at the *very* end is a detail that does not affect the overall impression). At the same time, the last few lines tend to end with an abrupt drop in pitch, giving a feeling of finality, that the speaker is making his main point. This is the case for lines 3, 4, and 5 in the example. Sometimes, the very last line of a group of lines remains on a low, level pitch, often in a very soft voice, representing an afterthought to what is being expressed in the main part of the group. Line 6 in the example is an illustration of this.

Finally, the largest units are the stanzas, which I prefer to call *sections*. They are separated in the transcripts by three dots. Linguistically, they are more difficult to describe than lines or groups.[6] In terms of content, however, they represent the logical episodes into which a narrative is divided by the storyteller; they follow changes in time, changes in place, and changes in characters focused on. Most interestingly, this organization into sections (or perhaps even larger units) may have had practical value as well, as the following passage from Nelson's *The Eskimo about Bering Strait* shows:

[6]In the course of their work on Yup'ik narrative in Bethel, Alaska, Elsie Mather, a native Yup'ik-speaking linguist, and Phyllis Morrow, an anthropologist with good command of the language, found that section divisions in narratives could always be found. Only then did it become at all evident to me that there were specific linguistic means by which speakers transmitted them to their audiences.

> Young men who have an aptitude for learning tales become narrators and repeat them verbatim, even with the accompanying inflections of the voice and gestures. On lower Kuskokwim river and the adjacent district toward the Yukon mouth [which would have included Qissunaq—ed.], some of the important tales are given by two men, who sit cross-legged near together and facing each other; one is the narrator and the other holds a bundle of small sticks in one hand. The tale proceeds and at certain points one of these sticks is placed on the floor between them, forming a sort of chapter mark. If the narrator is at fault he is prompted by his companion. (p. 451)

This, then, is the spoken pattern and rudimentary literary structure that are conveyed by the line, group, and section format in this collection. This is not to say that the format expresses everything; obviously, the imitation of voices in direct quotation and the many expressive features of intonation and voice quality described above are not captured in this representation. But the format does, I believe, capture for us the basic structure of the storyteller's spoken delivery in a way that prose paragraphs do not. It also gives us some basic units that can be translated piece by piece from Yup'ik to English, permitting greater overall accuracy in translation.

The format used here makes *qanemcit* and *qulirat* look like poetry. To some people this tendency has been pleasing, but to others disturbing. For example, most people familiar with both Yup'ik and European literary genres would find the texts of traditional Yup'ik songs to be far more like poetry than *qulirat* and *qanemcit* are. I would urge the reader to put the similarity of this format and that of poetry out of his mind. No one would disagree that *qanemcit* and *qulirat* are something quite different from what most people mean by the word *poem*. It simply seems that the format used for poetry also captures the spoken delivery of *qanemcit* and *qulirat*—and for that matter other types of spoken Yup'ik as well—in a vivid and realistic way. It may prove that there is less controversy here than might first appear, for poets and literary critics nowadays are taking a somewhat broader view of what poetry is. Features that once defined poetry, such as rhyme, meter, and particular structure and subject matter, may no longer be considered essential. Furthermore, many people now consider traditional folktales to be a form of poetry: for them, of course, *qanemcit* and *qulirat* would be poems. If such broad notions of what poetry is become widely accepted, then people will be less likely to associate the line, verse, and stanza format with a rigidly defined family of literary genres.

The English Translations

The English translations began as a set of very perceptive word-by-word and free translations given by Leo Moses in the course of our work together in 1978 on these *qanemcit* and *qulirat*. I have since worked on them fairly extensively, so that responsibility for any shortcomings in them must rest entirely with me.

The purpose of these translations is to convey as exactly as possible the *meaning* of the stories to English-speaking readers and to make them sound as natural as they do in the original Yup'ik. I also attempted to make the translations reflect the *form* and *structure* of the original Yup'ik; however, where these two goals came into conflict, I opted consistently in favor

of meaning. Now, a more gifted writer of English than I would certainly have managed to incorporate more of the Yup'ik structure into the translation and still maintain accuracy and naturalness. Yet it is important for the reader to understand why some conflict is inevitable, no matter what the translator's skills may be. To take a simple example, while it was always possible to arrange the English into lines, groups, and sections paralleling the Yup'ik, the fact that the verb in English (but not in Yup'ik) must immediately follow the subject made it necessary to translate lines in reverse order on occasion. Thus, on page 60, English "One day,/the great hunter's daughter/went outside" translates what is literally, "One day for them, it is said,/she went out that one/great hunter's his daughter." Secondly, there are certain things obvious to Yup'iks but not to most non-Yup'iks which are spelled out in the English translations in order to make them more accessible. On page 73, the line "And to each of his brothers inside the qaygiq,/he brought food, and took away the empty plates" translates what is literally, "Also those in there his own brothers,/bringing them food and their plates fetching them." There is no mention anywhere in the Yup'ik of the *qaygiq*, or men's communal house, but it is obvious that *qamkut* 'those in there' refers to the *qaygiq* because that is where men ate the meals that the women in their families prepared in traditional times.

A final and perhaps more controversial way in which I have departed from Yup'ik structure per se in the interest of a natural-sounding translation is in not mechanically translating particles like *tawa* (or *taw'*), which variously means 'well', 'now', or 'then' (among other things), and *=gguq* 'it is said'. As already mentioned, these particles are important markers of line, group, and section structure, and some might say for that reason they should be made visible in the translation. One way to do this might be to put *now* in the English translation each time *tawa* (or *taw'*) occurs. However, this would make the English sound odd or unnatural and, even more seriously, would not give an accurate rendition of the Yup'ik, since in fact there is no one-to-one correspondence between *tawa* and any single English word. Depending on the context, it may correspond to *well, now, then,* or even to some feature of intonation in English! Another solution would be to use the Yup'ik word *tawa* in the English translation, but this would, unfortunately, sound even stranger, and moreover would fail to show the reader just what *tawa* does mean each time it occurs.

A translation that sounds natural and is faithful to the meaning of the original is in the end more useful to scholars anyway than one that, by calquing the structure of the original, has become less faithful. The time is past when literary analyses of *translations* rather than of *native-language originals*—when they exist—should be taken seriously. It is in the *Yup'ik* that the structure of these stories is fully evident, and it is there that the structure should be studied. Looked at from this perspective, the translations, which at every turn reflect Leo Moses's far *deeper* understanding of the relationship between textual meaning in Yup'ik and in English than is possessed by non-native scholars now working, are an invaluable document for any non-Yup'ik who wishes to probe seriously into these excellent works of oral literature and come to terms with the native-language originals.

Further Notes on the Language

As mentioned already, Chevak (along with its neighbor Hooper Bay) has its own dialect of Yup'ik. For the benefit of those speaking the majority General Central Yup'ik dialect, as well as for other interested readers, it is useful to specify some of the dialect differences and to indicate how the Yup'ik writing system has been modified to accommodate Chevak Yup'ik, or *Cup'ik*, as it is called by the Chevak people themselves.

Some of the differences between General Central Yup'ik and the Yup'ik of Chevak involve *systematic differences in sound.* (An example of this in English dialectology is the systematic absence of *r* after vowels among some New Englanders, Southerners, and southern British). For instance, in Chevak one finds *cuk, Cup'ik,* and *caggluni* instead of *yuk, Yup'ik,* and *yaggluni* for 'person', 'Eskimo', and 'fighting'; one finds *cina, citaman,* and *cilla* instead of *ceña, cetaman,* and *cella* for 'shore', 'four', and 'weather, cosmos'; and one finds *ivyuk* and *qaygiq* instead of *ivsuk* and *qasgiq* for 'rain' and 'men's communal house'. Other differences between the dialects are classified as *specialized differences in sound,* in which only a few words or suffixes are affected, rather than the across-the-board differences described above. (For this, English examples would include the pronunciation of *route* by some people to rhyme with *fruit* and by others to rhyme with *trout.*) For example, in Chevak one finds *tawa* instead of *tua* for 'well, now, then'; one finds *ayagpegnani* instead of *ayagpek'nani* for 'he not wanting to leave'; one finds *nunaneng* and *calunung* instead of *nunanek* and *calunuk* for 'from the village' and 'the two of us doing something'; and one finds *alarqurluki* instead of *alerqurluki* for 'giving them advice, scolding them'. Finally, Chevak speakers in many cases use an entirely different word or suffix from what General Central Yup'ik speakers use to mean the same thing. For example, in Chevak, one finds *qucgutaq* instead of *yaaruin* for 'story knife' (a knife used by little girls to draw on the ground while they tell stories); *arnauneq* instead of *nayagaq* for 'younger sister'; and *pituluni* instead of *pilarluni* for 'he always doing it' (where the suffix *-tu-* is used instead of *-lar-* to mean 'always'). This list is of course just a sampling, and many more examples are to be found. (For more information, see Steven A. Jacobson's *Yup'ik Eskimo Dictionary,* cited in the Bibliography.)

The Yup'ik versions of the stories in this collection are written in the standard Yup'ik orthography (writing system), which is described in the *Yup'ik Eskimo Grammar* by Irene Reed and others, and in Osahito Miyaoka and Elsie Mather's *Yup'ik Eskimo Orthography.* A few departures have been made from the standard orthography to accommodate the dialect of Chevak and Hooper Bay. First, *w* is used (instead of *v* or *ûg*) to indicate a sound that is similar to *w* in English **w***onder* and *po***w***er* (phonetically [w] or [ɣ^{w}]): for example, **w***ani* 'here', *a***w***ani* 'over there', *ta***w***aam* 'but'. Next to a stop consonant *(p, t, c, k, q) w* indicates a sound that is similar to *wh* in English **wh***en* and **wh***ere* (phonetically [w̥] or [x^{w}]): for example, *auk***w***augaq* 'yesterday'.

A second change is that a long dash (–) has been used to indicate that two words were "run together" by the speaker. This running together, which linguists call *sandhi,* can only occur between words within a line, in the storyteller's spoken delivery; it is frequently accompanied by changes in the sounds of the two words involved. For example, the line *Imna-ggur–nukalpia'–qec'ani* 'When he grabbed that great hunter around the middle', consists of *imnagguq* 'that one, it is said', then *nukalpiaq* 'great hunter', and then *qec'ani* 'when he grabbed

him around the middle', and all three of these words are joined by sandhi, marked with the long dash. Accompanying the sandhi are the changes of *q* to *r in imna-ggur* and the loss of *q* in *nukalpia'*. Finally, notice that the long dash is distinct from the short hyphen (-) used in the orthography to set off *enclitic particles* such as *-llu* 'and', *-gguq* 'it is said', *-am* 'again; indeed', and so on.

In the editing process, false starts and interruptions were deleted from the transcripts, and in a few cases what were regarded by Leo Moses as confusing departures from the ordinary rules of number agreement between nouns and verbs were repaired. In two instances, both in Mary Kokrak's story, groups (verses) begun with the equivalent of "Oh, I had meant to say. . .," are put in their intended places. The second group on page 76 originally occurred after the last group on that page, and the fourth group on page 88 occurred on the tape before the last group on page 87, after which the narrator realized that the child's healing had not yet been related. The original performances, without editorial changes, are of course important to preserve. They can be heard on the cassette tape that can be purchased from the Alaska Native Language Center with this book. Exact verbatim transcripts of the tapes, along with complete grammatical analysis and notes on Mr. Moses's translations and editorial suggestions, have been deposited at the ANLC library at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks.

Austin, Texas
October, 1983

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PART ONE

QANEMCIT

Narratives

The late Tom and Rose Imgalrea in their home, Chevak, Alaska, 1978. (Photo by Anthony Woodbury.)

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

AK'A PICIRYARALLRAT

Told by Tom Imgalrea
October 19, 1978

Ak'a-g' piciryarallratneng,
qancuaqerciqelrianga,
ui tamaan' angullemneng,
anguqallemneng,
tan'guraullemni,
camani Qissunami.

. . .

Waten uksuarmi,
arnat makut,
iqalluarrsurluteng pitullrulriit,
qaluluki.

Man'a,
nenglengaqan cikuaya'angraan
iverluteng,
qalirluteng tawaam,
naquggluteng maaggun.

Makut tawaam,
yuuluki.
Qaill' mangagtuvagaqneq tamaan',
arnani tamaa-i!

THE WAY THEY LIVED LONG AGO

I will say a little
about the way people lived long ago,
about the life I was there to see,
the life I was lucky just to catch
when I was a boy,
down there in Qissunaq.

. . .

In the autumn around this time,
the women
used to fish for arctic tomcod
with dipnets.

Outside,
when it got cold, they used to wade,
even when ice was forming,
and they wore only seal-gut rain parkas,
tied around the waist like so.

Otherwise, the women
wore nothing.
Oh, how they endured back then,
those women!

Wa-gguq ket'garluteng
naquggluteng tawaam maaggun,
man'a temyeng,
pinrilkurrluku,
man'a tawken uatseng,
kemgurrluku-taw',
qerrullingqerrsugnaunateng.

They closed off their rain parkas
by tying them around their waists,
to keep their bodies
from getting cold;
but from the waist down
their bare skin was exposed,
since they did not have their pants on
in the water.

Qaluluteng,
marayar-man'' iliin' qumluku.

They fished,
and the mud sometimes froze.

Wall'i-taw',
neqtengnaqaqameng,
uksuarmi.

That is how it was
when they tried to catch fish for storage
in the autumn.

. . .

. . .

Tamakut-llu,
uingit-ll' makut allakarmeng,
angutait,
unani maklagarrsurluteng imarpigmi,
nanerpaquluki,
nut'gayugnaunaki.

By themselves,
the men,
the husbands of these women,
went off to hunt bearded seal
down at the sea,
they speared them then,
they did not shoot them.

Unani-ll' kayukitaqan imarpigmi,
tamaani-llu malirqelluteng makuneng
maklagarneng.

Whenever the weather was calm down at
the sea,
they went after these seals in parties.

Allakarmeng-ll' arnait,
cukileggsurluteng makuneng-llu,
ugnaraat neqaitneng,
nunam-maan' akuliinelngurneng,
tamakuneng-llu,
neqtengnaqluteng,
mouse-at makut neqaitneng.

And by themselves,
the women
fished for sticklebacks, and
gathered vole-food from under the ground,
trying to get for food
the things
that voles will store there.

Tamte-ll' waten taw'-nenglengaqan,
makuneng aqlukameggneng
uksurpak,
kelugkaneng,
qakvayagneng,
evegneng,
tamakuneng-ll' quyurciluteng.

When it got cold, around this time,
the women got grasses they needed
for the winter,
a sturdy flat grass for sleeping mats,
a long rough grass for storage baskets
and partitions,
and regular grass for bedding and bootliners;
all of these were gathered.

Enait-gga–taw' nevut.

. . .

Ukut-ga marrlugairutenka tawaam,
angullrenka taukut,
akaarertun ayuqellrulriit.

Makut,
kassaurrneratgun ilait pillrulriit,
pelit'aatgun keniryaurtengaaranratgun,
kangiralegneng iqairissuutneng-llu
pelic'iirluteng.

. . .

Makut-gga ikamraita pirlaarit,
arevret inarutait,
ilait tugkaarneng,
pirlaangqerraqluteng.

Ilait-ll'–taw',
muragarrlainauluteng,
tegg'rarrlainarmeng tawaam
acirnengqerrluteng.
Wa-gguq tegg'raareneng acirnaurait
tamakut.

Kegglangqerrsugnaunateng-ll',
qalqapiit tamaan' ayagnengaarallratni,
kegglaryugnaunaki muragat kepurluki,
piaqluteng.

. . .

Ukut–taw' marrlugairutenka,
waten it'raqua maaten,
nenglliraqan,
cikumeng egalerluteng,
makuneng passikcianeng elluucirnauraat,
muraganeng piluki,
epuqerluku.

Their houses were made of sod then.

. . .

I was lucky enough to have known
my grandmothers, who are now dead,
and who lived the way people did long ago.

Many people here now
were born after they picked things up from
the white men,
after they began to get stoves for cooking,
stoves made at first of two five-gallon cans,
or of washtubs.

. . .

When I was a boy the runners on the sleds
were made of the ribs of bowhead whales,
but some had runners
that were made of ivory.

Sometimes the sleds
were made entirely of wood,
having runners of hardwood beneath.
In fact they even called those runners
"hardwoods."

They had no saws back then,
and were just beginning to get axes,
so instead of sawing wood,
they chopped it;
that is how it was done.

. . .

Whenever I come inside now I think
of my late grandmothers;
when it was cold
they covered the smoke window with ice,
and cleaned it with icepicks,
using the wood
of the handles.

Nengllinriucan-ll',
makut,
maklagaat qalirkaitneng cimirluku
tauna,
egaleq.

Umciarutniluku-'m tamaa-i
nengleng'–nalliini,
tauna cikuq egaleq,
allameng cimiraqluku;
cikuullgutiineng.

Qerratarutet-llu makut aglut–tawaam,
keyimeng–taw' tunguurenaurtut pagkut-ll'
qerratarutet,
evegneng amaqlirluteng nunameng
cillaqlikacagirluteng.

Alaitenriata-ll' qanikcameng qercurian
man'a,
kanaggun,
muragirluk',
kenirluteng.

Uani-gga amik,
makuneng qakvayagneng,
awatek tamalkurmek caniqerrilitarlutek.

Camaggun pekqangaqluteng,
avingqerrsugnaunani-ll' ugna.

When the cold let up,
they
put a cover of baby bearded-seal gut on
the smoke window,
in place of the ice cover.

After a while an ice cover cannot keep out
the cold,
they used to say,
so they replaced them every so often
with another piece of ice.

The ribs and beams supporting the roof
stood out, because they alone were
blackened with soot;
there was grass on top of the ribs, with an
outer layer of sod on top of that.

When the roof was covered on the inside
with built-up frost,
they assembled wood
below
for a fire.

In winter the entranceway
was closed off on both sides
with woven grass partitions.

And they went outside only through the
lower entrance,
for the upper entrance had no door leading
through its covering.

. . .

Makut cali qantait muragat,
merrsuutait-ll' mermeng pissuutait
muragauluteng,
cali muraganeng mer'utengqerrluteng.

Qaluurutait tamakut,
uksum nalliini,
merneng tamakuneng,
nanvameng aqvataqluteng,
meriutaqameng.

Their plates were made of wood,
their water buckets were also of wood,
and they had wooden drinking ladles.

They had dippers
which they used in the winter
to get water
from the lake
whenever they ran out.

. . .

Nutaan tawken,
atullerateng patuluki,
kuterpaglun' ilua.

Kutii-ll' man'' utumarcan,
kan'a,
kenilleq,
aumai nipvailgata,
pikna egaleq patuluku.

Patuan-ll'–taw' kircinani man''
enem ilua.

Imkut,
nenglengaqan kucirtaarallri atakumi,
unani natermi,
tunguluteng,
nevum qaingani.

Pagken kuciqetaarturallri,
qerturinaurtut unani,
tunguluteng tawaam;
pag'um–taw' tungutaciatun,
qiliin.

. . .

Kiagyungan-llu,
nutaan pikaggun amiigem quliikun,
pekcaurrluteng.

Qaygimi–cal' tawaten,
camaggun–cal' pektetuluteng,
uksumi.

Kiagyuan-llu pikaggun quliikun–taw',
piyaurrluteng qaygimi.

Maqiyaratullruut tawaam,
akaareq,
tamaan',
tan'gurraullma nalliini.

. . .

Well now,
they used to cover their clothes
when the melting frost from the roof
was dripping.

After the dripping stopped,
but before the embers burned out
in the fireplace
below,
they covered the smoke window.

And as soon as the window was covered,
the house was warm.

Whenever it got cold in the evening,
black lumps of ice formed
where the drips had landed
on the sod
down on the floor.

And the lumps of ice
grew in height there on the floor,
and were black in color;
just as black
as the ceiling above.

. . .

In early spring
they started going in and out
through the upper entrance.

The qaygiq* too
had an underground entrance-tunnel
in the wintertime.

And in the spring
they started using the upper entrance
there too.

They took baths early on
back then,
long ago,
when I was a boy.

*Qaygiq: traditional men's communal house.

. . .

Waten,
unuakumi ner'tullrulriit,
ernermikutarluteng,
atakutarluteng-llu.

Tawaten–taw' ner'tullruut.

. . .

Waten nakacuum nalliini,
pituaqu–taw' arcaqerluteng;
makut,
unguvalriit,
nakacuitneng piaqameng.

Qaygim agaan' ingluani,
nanerpiit kukgaat,
tamakut qillerqelluki,
nakacuut elvigkait.

Nutaan taugken,
uitalnguaqata,
ayauteqata'aqamegteki,
tamakut nakacuut,
kagaciqaq napalria muragaq,
evegneng pikna kangra,
caquluku.

Pikaggun-ll' qaygim egalrakun,
kenertumaan anlluku,
ayaucitkaan-ll' uum,
makugneng qaligneng aturluni.

Tamaaggun,
muragakun equkataqluku,
unavet ayaulluku.

. . .

As we do now,
they ate in the morning,
they had a midday meal,
and an evening meal, too.

That is how they ate.

. . .

During the Bladder Feast,
they had special meals;
that was when they
had ceremonies using the bladders
of certain animals.

On one side of the qaygiq,
light spears and heavy spears
were tied in bundles
from which the bladders were to hang.

Well then,
when they were all done celebrating,
and it was time to take
the bladders outside,
they stood up the *kagaciqaq*,
a wooden stake
with grass
wrapped around the top of it.

They lit it, and then put it up
through the qaygiq's smoke window.
The one who was to take it away
wore sealgut rainwear.*

With the stake on his shoulder he took
the fire down
from the roof of the qaygiq
and carried it off.

**This means that the one who took the torch was a shaman, since shamans wore sealgut rainwear when they did their work.*

Kinguakun-llu makut,
nakaculget nakacuteng tegumiaqluki
malirqerluku tauna.

Camavet-llu elvigkaatnun,
tekicameng mermun,
tamakut nakacuut tamaani piluki,
qage'qe'lluki,
ekurluki tamaavet mermun.

. . .

Tawaten–taw' tan'gurraullma nalliini,
tamakuneng tamaa,
tangtullruunga-wa,
angulqanka tamakut.

Anrutaicungaqameng waten kiagyungaqan,
erneq takliriaqan,
makuneng tawaam,
cukilegneng nerangnaqaqluteng,
kuigneng.

Tamakucirpalluneng yaavet kiagyugvianun,
unaken-llu imarpigmeng,
makuneng tawaam nayirreneng
anguqatullruut tamaa-i,
nayirne'3,
up'nerkingvailegmeng.

Tamakut tamaa nallukengaten,
qanrutkanka,
ui angulqekenka.

Behind him
the people with bladders took their bladders
in hand and ran in pursuit.

And when they arrived down at the lake
where they were to put the bladders,
they took them,
punctured them,
and then put them into the water.

. . .

That is how it was when I was a boy.
Those are the things back then
that I used to see.
I was lucky enough to have
caught those days.

When food got scarce in the early spring,
and the days were getting longer,
well then,
they tried to get sticklebacks for food,
from the rivers.

They got mostly sticklebacks up until
springtime,
but from the sea
they got a few seals now and then
before it was time
for spring seal-hunting.

Those are the things you do not know about.
I am telling you about them,
since I caught those times.

Timothy Matchian, then of Qissunaq and now of Chevak, mushing to a stock barge up the Qissunaq River for the local trading post, around 1945. (Photo by Father Jules Convert, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives and James H. Barker.)

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QANEMCIQ

Told by Jacob Nash
November 13, 1978

Tawa-ll'–taw',
tamaani,
uangkuta,
cungnaqurallemteñi awani,
Manuuqinram ciñiini.
Waten,
cuutullruukut tawaten kass'allameng
mat'umeng,
ner'ssiyaagpegnata;
makuneng–tawaam,
neqneng,
tengmianeng,
makuneng–cal' seal-aneng.

Cali makuneng cap'akineng atuyuunata.

Waten–tawa,
makut piluguput
pilugupiit makut,
nat'riutaqata,
nanikuanaurtukut–taw',
nanikuanaqlun' nat'riutellerkaq,
allgullerkaq.

. . .

Tawa–taw'
umyugarturnaqlun'–taw' cakneq
civuuratekluku–man'' cullni,
egelranaqluni.
Cuullerkani nanikuatekluku.

NARRATIVE

Told by Jacob Nash
November 13, 1978

Well now,
long ago,
we
tried to get a living over there,
on the banks of the Manuuqinraq.
So,
we lived without eating
much white men's food,
and relied mostly
on fish
and birds
and also on seals.

We never wore store-bought boots.

Instead,
we wore skin boots,
traditional skin boots,
and whenever the leather bottoms wore out,
we were afraid of what would happen;
we worried that the bottoms would
wear through,
or get torn up.

. . .

Well,
that made us think, and we worried
how we would get our living
as we went through life.
We had to be fearful about the future.

Waten,
caliarluta waten caliluta maani akingluta,
piyuitellemteñi tamaani.
Tawaam waten uangkutneng caskukluta,
pingnatugatullemta nalliini.

Because
in those days we did not have jobs and
earn money,
as we do now.
Instead we ourselves were the tools, we
relied on ourselves,
when we were trying to get a living
back then.

Waten cali,
ayayuunata waten uitayaaqaqamta,
cali neqkaput nangtuluteng;
waten maa-irpacitun,
uitamangramta neqkairucuunata
pivkenata.

And also,
if ever we stayed home, doing nothing and
not going out,
our food supply ran low;
but nowadays,
even when we stay home for a long while,
we never run out of food.

Taw' nanikuanaqlun'
tamatum nalliini cuuller–
ayuqellruur–tamaani,
taneksagglugaullemta nalliini.

So, it was worrisome
to live as we did
when I was young.

. . .

Uitaurallerkaq-ll'–enem–iluani,
aulluuluni,
uitauraqumta-llu–taw'
neqkangqerrngaunata.

Then, staying in the house all the time
was not tolerated,
for if we had stayed home,
we would not have had any food.

Cali waten
can'giireneng makuneng,
waten kuiget,
anyungarertaqata
can'giiraat makut,
taw'–qemanqegcarluki eqtenqegcarluki-ll'.

And so,
when lots of blackfish
were in the rivers,
beginning their migration to
the rivermouths,
people gathered and stored them
very carefully.

Kanani-ll' taluyam quliin' kaimllerkait,
murilkelluki
quyurtenqegcartuurluki-ll'.

Down at the rivers, right above the traps,
they carefully gathered the fish, watching
that none would drop and get away.

Tawa-ll' makut kuiget tamte-ll' kingucata,
makut kuiget paingitnun aniningqetulinun,
nugtarrluki taluyateng,
pinaurait.

And when the fish had returned
to their winter places at the rivermouths,
they moved their traps to where the
fish were;
that is what they used to do.

Maliguquratullruama-ll' ui-taw',
nalluvkenaki tamaani cungnaquciit.

. . .

Waten-taugken,
tamakut aninit nengllirturassiyaagaqan,
kuiget imairaqaki,
taw'–neqkameng kapiagaqukut taw' cakneq
tamaani.

Neqkaicugluta,
cal' waten qaluyangremeng,
qalukegciluaqayuilameng-ll' tamaani,
cal' amllermeng-ll' piliqsuitellruut.
Nallunritelqanka tamaani tawaten
ayuqellratni.

. . .

Ilait–cal',
ayalriit,
arenqialluggluteng–cali,
kenirrsuutait-li uquirertaqameng,
uqurkangqeyuitellruameng-ll' cali
amllermeng.

Cali unugpak kenirtuurluteng,
unugiyuitellruluteng kenirrsuun
kumaureluku,
kiryugtuurluteng uitaurayuitellruluteng.

Waten tawaam anruciuraqameng–taw'
kenirrsuun kumarrluk',
caanik-ll' qallangkan ilaita–taw' nipluku,
una uqurkaarteng aninquurluku.

And I always used to go along when
they hunted and fished,
so I know what they had to do to get
a living back then.

. . .

Now,
when the weather was too cold, for too long,
the rivers dried up down where the blackfish
spent the winter,
and we got very worried about our
food supply.

Back then it was common for food supplies
to be low,
and even though they fished for sticklebacks
with dipnets,
their nets were never very good,
and so they did not catch very much.
I knew them at that time, when they
lived like that.

. . .

Some of those
who went out hunting and fishing
had a hard time
when they ran out of fuel;
and they never had very much fuel
to start with.

They did not keep their campstoves burning
through the night,
so it was not warm where they stayed.

Only when they were taking care of their
stomachs did they light
their campstoves,
and as soon as the kettle boiled they
put out the campstoves again,
to conserve the small amounts of fuel
they had.

Cali tamalkurmeng
kenirrsuutengqeyuitellratni
maligutetullemni
anguvilqallranka.

. . .

Ilait kenitullruut,
muragatgun,
pineng,
qanikcaneng awaciqerluki.

Cal'–taw' tawatnaluteng kenitellratni
tangerqatulqank'–ilait.

. . .

Taugken–taw',
waten,
up'nerkaryungarertaqan–cal',
upnerkatmun ingluvarertaqan,
cal'–neqkat,
paivngariqertaqameng–cal'
amlleriqertaqluteng–taw';
cuuller–man'' nunaniriqerrnganani.

. . .

Kass'allameng mat'umeng,
waten-taw' kass'allartutullruukut
tamaani,
mukaameng,
caayumeng,
iliini-ll' caarralameng
iliini-ll'–taw' caalangqerrnaurtukut.

Taukut-taw',
arcaqerluki,
aturpallutulqaput–tamaani.

Not everyone had a campstove
back when I went along hunting and fishing
with them;
I had the chance to see them then.

. . .

Those people built fires
with wood,
and surrounded them with snow
as a windbreak.

And I got a glimpse of some of them when
they boiled their food that way.

. . .

Well,
then,
when spring was on the way,
taking the place of winter,
the fish
returned from the rivermouths,
and food was more abundant;
then life seemed happier.

. . .

Of the white men's foods,
some were quite common at that time,
like flour,
tea,
and sometimes sugar,
and shortening.

Those especially
were important to us,
and we used them all the time then.

Tawaam-taw', pingremeng
cuyaitellerkarteng–tawa,
cakneq kapiakqapigtetulqaat–cali
caayuaraitellerkarteng cali
kapiakqapiggluku.

But more than those things though,
they were afraid of running out of
tobacco, and of running out of tea.

Ii-i tawa.

Yes, that's the end.

Qissunaq in summertime, around 1928. Notice the raised food cache at left, and the summer tent in front of traditional dwellings. The first Catholic church is at right, and graves are in the foreground. Attached to one of the grave markers is what is probably the deceased man's rifle. (Photo by Father John P. Fox, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives and James H. Barker.)

QANEMCIQ

Told by Jacob Nash
November 13, 1978

Qanemcikqaqataraqa–un',
ak'a tamaani niitetulqa.

Tamaani akaurtellria,
un'–angun,
angutnguluni–tawa,
cuulliniuq tamaani,
atengqerrluni
    Cagniimqurrarmeng.

Tawa–taw' ellii tauna,
cat makut uluryakevkenaki,
alikevkenaki,
cat angalkut-ll' alikevkenaki.

Taw' elliin tawa-am–man'' umyugani,
aturluku,
cameng nagutaunani.

Waten-ll' angalkut piaqatni,
ullagluki waten,
nunaitneng waten,
piyarturaqluki taukuitnun wavet
    nunaitnun aqumluni.

Waten alingnaqellrit,
piluki,
alikevkenaki tawa.

NARRATIVE

I will tell a story
that I used to hear long ago.

Back in days now long past,
there was
a man
who lived,
whose name was Cagniimqurraq, or
    Fairly Strong.

Now this man
would step aside for no one,
for he feared nothing,
not even the shamans.

Well, the man did
what he thought was right,
and nothing could hold him back.

Whenever shamans did anything to him,
he went
right over to them,
and confronted them, sitting down
    beside them.

He even did this
to those whom other people feared,
for he was not scared of them.

Waten-gguq–taum-ll'–taw'
tekitauluteng
waten angalkut–makut
ucurnarqelriit
piaqata,
taw' ullagluki waten
nunaitneng,
waten atritneng-ll',
apqaurluki
un'–angalkuq waten,
naken pillraneng,
naken tekitellrullraneng,
qaillun-ll' nunaini,
uitatullraneng apqauraqaa.

And so this man acted
whenever they were visited
by shamans,
even by very mighty ones.
If the shamans practiced their powers,
he went right over to them and questioned
them directly,
asking what village they were from
and what their names were.
He asked each shaman
where it was
he had just traveled from
and what his standing was
in his home village.

Taugken-gguq–taw'–waten
piaqamiki,
unatni ukut qell'uki,
nunaitni kevemrruugaluki.

And whenever he confronted strangers
in this way,
he clenched his fists right near them,
and lifted them up and down very slightly.

Taugken-gguq–taw'–waten,
agtuumanrilengremiu taun'–angalkuq
aqumgallrani,
qerratararcitaqamiu,
nangerquallininaurtu'–qanerluni:
"Amta-ll' acin
qerratartetullinilunil"

Indeed,
even though he never touched him,
he could make a shaman
rise suddenly in the air,
and when he did he used to stand and say:
"Well, it seems that something must be
rising beneath you!"

. . .

Tawamte-llu-ggur-am–taw' tawatnallrani,
angalkug–malruk,
iterlutek.
Allanrulutek.

One day he did it
to two shamans
who had come in.
They were strangers.

Taw'-am–taw' akuliignun aqumluni,
pilliak tawaten kevemrruutassiirlukek.

He sat down between them,
for he wanted to see if he could lift them.

Tawa-ll' taun',
maaken ukalirnermeng Qissunam
tungiineng,
aipaa-ll' awaken
Caninermeng.

One of them
was from around here, from the north
toward Qissunaq,
and the other was from down there, from
the coast below Nelson Island.

Naken-tawaam
nunaneng pillra
nalluaqa.

Taw'-am–taw' tawatnalukek
kevemrruutassiirak.

Tawa-llu-gguq–taun',
ukalirnermeng maaken neglirnermeng
pilleq,
takuyaraa:
"Una–tawan'-uqamangqeksuarallinilr'!"

Tauna-llu-gguq–tawken yaqlini takuyaraa:
"Unaruluq–taugken uqaggellruluni."

. . .

Tawa-am tawatnaqarraarcilluk',
kelgartaat:
Cagniimqurraam-ggur–irniari carayiim itrai.

Engiirai-am:
"Eng!
Naliata-kir–pawa qungut
irniank'–alingcitaartatki?
Erteqerciqenritur–unuaqu."

Cagniimqurraam-ggur-am–im'–ercan,
qungut kaulliniluki napautait-ll'
ayemqelluki.

Qatekcugglun':
"Naliata-kir–maa irniank'–
alingcitaartaki,
tawa-kiq uangnun alikesqelluteng?"

. . .

Just which village it was
that he came from,
I do not know.

So, the man clenched his fists,
to see if he could lift those two.

First he turned
toward the one from the north,
from around here,
and he said:
"This one seems a bit heavy!"

Then he turned toward the one on his
other side:
"But this fellow here is lighter."

. . .

After Cagniimqurraq did that,
the villagers came and summoned him,
saying a ghost had visited his children.

He groaned in anger:
"Ungh!
I wonder who it is in the graves up there
that is trying to scare my children?
As soon as dawn comes tomorrow, I'll
take care of them."

And when dawn came Cagniimqurraq
was clubbing the graves, breaking the
markers in half one after the other.

And he growled:
"I wonder who it is here that is trying to
scare my children?
And who here wants me to be afraid
of him?"

. . .

Tawa-ll'–taw',
atraami,
utercami nangteqliniluni,
atraami apqucilliniluni.

Tawa-ll' iliit-am angalkut pillia,
qungunun,
tamakunun kaugtuallrinun
pivkarniluku.

Cagniimqurrar-ggur–mak'illagtuq:
"Qungut pivkanrilkiitnga!
Ug'um ua-i
kangirami
aqumgalriim
pivkaqiinga!"

Tawa-i pivkaamiu–tawa
meciraqerpegnani nangerrluni.

Anngan maklun' maliggluk'
anlliniluni.

. . .

Tawa–taw',
taun'–ellii taun' Cagniimqurraq,
awani,
Kayalivigmiut natiitni,
uitatullrungatuq–tauna.

Tawa.

Well,
when he came back down from
the graveyard
and got home, it seems he was sick.
He came back with some kind of illness.

One of the shamans told him
that it was the dead,
the ones in the graves he had clubbed,
who made him sick.

But Cagniimqurraq got right up and replied:
"The dead didn't make me sick!
That man over by the entrance,
sitting there
in the corner,
it was he who did!"

And because it was true,
he did not deny it, and he stood up to leave.

When he went out, the other got up
and followed him.

. . .

Well,
that man called Cagniimqurraq
seems to have lived
down that way,
in the area of Kayalivigmiut*.

That's the end.

*Kayalivik was located south of Qissunaq and just north of Nelson Island; it was also abandoned during the flooding of the late 1940s, when some of its people founded modern Newtok and others joined Tununak on Nelson Island.

Entries to traditional sod houses at Qissunaq, around 1943. (Photo by Father Jules Convert, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives and James H. Barker.)

QANEMCIQ

Told by Thomas Moses
November 9, 1978

Ak'a angun-wa taun',
ikaken nunallerneng,
nunallemteñeng,
Qissunami.

Ikegkut nunaullratni
nunallret,
Qissunam,
akianelnguut.

Upagarraarluteng–taw',
qayam nenra,
up'nerkaan aqvaluku.

Cuunateng-ggur–ikegkut
qerrataluteng-gguq–taugken
enellret.

Tekicami–taw',
qayam–taman'' nenra,
pirraarluk',
ernerpak carkaicuami,
enet tamakut
egalritgun
uyangtaarturalliaqai.

Tawa cinirquurluki.

NARRATIVE

Long ago there was a man
from the old village across there,
our old village
on the Qissunaq River.

When we had a village there,
there was an abandoned village
on the Qissunaq,
opposite us.

People kept moving away from that village
until no one was left,
and when spring came,
this man I mentioned went back there
to get his kayak frame.

No one was there,
but the empty houses
still stood as before.

When he got to
the kayak frame,
he took it,
but for the rest of the day there was not
much he needed to do,
so he went from house to house
and peeked down
into the windows.

He visited one after the other.

. . .

Uyangpiirluku-gguq enet-iliit uyangtaa,
neviarcaraq kan'',
cameng caliuralr',
aqumgaluni.

Cakneq-gguq–taw' neviarcaraq,
kenegnaqlun'.

Itervikluku-gguq–taw',
qarutengkiliu itervikluk',
ut'rucugluk' maliksuglug'–ut'reskuni.

Civunran-gguq taum–taw'
kiuyaaqnauraa,
ut'rutengraani,
elluarrluni,
nunanun tekiyngaitnilun'.

Qang'a-gguq–taw' pingraan–taw',
ut'rulliu,
ikavet–taw' Nunarulullernun*,
Qissunamun.

Cuna-ggur–un',
tupekngani–taw' ayaglutek.

Neneq-llu-gguq–taman'' unilluk'–taw',
taumeng pilluni,
arnameng nulirkamineng.

. . .

Ituquurlutek-gguq–taw'
kaymurraaraaqelriik–taw'
kellulluk'–taw',
ayakallerkaa.

Nunat-llu-gguq kan'a tawa
alairluteng,
canimetlillrat-gguq–tawa maliggluk'.

**The village of Qissunaq is frequently called* Nunaruluut, *literally 'dear old village'.*

. . .

There was one house he looked into,
and inside it he saw a young lady,
sitting down
and working on something.

Now this young lady
was very pretty.

He went inside to her,
and tried to win her over,
for he wanted to bring her home with him.

But this young lady he approached
answered only by saying
that if he did bring her home,
she would not really
arrive in the village.

She said no, but even still,
he wanted to take her home with him,
across the river to our Dear Old Village*
of Qissunaq.

After a while
she gave in to him, and they set out.

Well, he left the kayak frame behind,
but he had gotten himself
a woman to marry.

. . .

Side by side
they pushed the sled,
and he watched to make sure
that she would not flee.

Below them the village
came into view
as they got nearer.

Piyaaqluk'–taun' angutni,
angaqukaraasqelluku ellii
kaymurrarciqniluni.

Qang'a-gguq,
ayakarciquq-gguq.

Pingraani-gguq–taw'
kaymutengraani–taw',
angaqukaraasqelluni–taw',
niicugpegnan'.
Ellii tawaam taun' arnaq
angaqukaraasqelluku-gguq pinauraa.
Wanir–taw' tekitarkaurcamek nunanun.

Pilnguani–taw',
angaqutiinun agqerrlun' tawavet ikamrak
civuagnun,
angaqun taman'' ayaarluk' ayakalliuq.
Ellin-llu-gguq–taw' kaymurrarluku.

Nunanun-gguq,
tekicamek,
nunanun mayurpegnan',
aciatnun
tayim' itqili,
nunamun.

Ellii-llu-gguq–taw' unkarlun',
keyirremi,
keyirremi–taw' nunanun tekilluni.

. . .

Cuna-ggur–un' uksurpak,
tamaan',
qaygimi,
amiigakun-ll' pektaqan,
taum–taw' nuqcaurrluk' maaken,
nevumeng,
acianeng.

The woman tried to ask him
if he would go ahead and pull the sled
while she stayed behind and pushed it.

No, he said,
she would run away.

Even so,
she pushed him forward,
trying to get him to go up front and pull,
but he paid her no mind.
Well, soon he began asking her
to go ahead herself and pull.
By that time they were almost to the village.

Finally she gave in,
and she ran toward the towline at the
front of the sled,
slipped it on herself, and took off.
He meanwhile was pushing.

When they arrived
at the village,
she did not climb up to it,
but instead went under it,
and disappeared
into the earth.

He was left behind,
all alone,
and he arrived at the village by himself.

. . .

In the course of the winter,
whenever he walked through the entrance,
there,
in the qaygiq,
the woman took to tugging him to one side,
from under the soil
beneath him.

Waten–taw' nuqluku,
qinuciarqeqluk'.

Uksurpak'-gguq–taw',
keyimi-gguq tamlegaaremi-ll' pektaqan-ll'
nuqetnauraa–taun'.

She pulled on him like so,
to make him groan in anger.

All through the winter,
whenever he walked alone in the dark,
she tugged on him.

. . .

Kiitawani-gguq–taw'
cuucia assiirutuq.

Avenriutengani taum carayiim,
nulirqeqataryaaqellran.

As time passed,
his life grew miserable.

She was draining his spirit away,
this ghost,
whom he had been about to marry.

Piuraqerluni–taun',
tuqullinilun' tauna,
tauna–taw'
ut'rutestellra.

Nutaan tuqungan–taw'
nuliqsagutlia tuquami,
teguluku–taw' taum arnam,
ut'rutellran,
tuqungan.

Finally,
the man
who had brought the woman home
died.

When he died,
they say he married her;
the woman took with her
the man who had taken her home,
once he had died.

Tawa–taw' waken nang'uq.

Well, here the story ends.

. . .

Tawa–taw' nangengremi-g'–taw',
cuna-ggur–un'–taw' kinguakun
makut angalkut
caneng tunriluteng,
pinguaraqameng.

Even though the story is over, I'll tell more,
for after it happened,
the shamans
were conjuring their familiar spirits
when they were performing
shamanistic acts.

Tauna–taw' nenercaan
Nenercameng acirluk',
Nenercam-gguq taun' tumii–taw',
quuyuunan' qerrataluni.

Because this man went for his kayak frame,
they named him Nenercaq, The One Who
Goes for his Kayak Frame.
And they said that Nenercaq's path
never caved in, being something
like a tunnel.

Tamaaggun–taw' cat piyugluteng,
Nenercam tungiikun.

Qayam nenraneng nenercam.

Nenercirmeng–taw' pinauraat–taun',
cameng-ll' piyuunaku.*

Ii-i tawaam.

Along it things were drawn in
towards Nenercaq.

And in the end he got his kayak frame.

Actually they called him *Nenerciq*,
they did not just call him *Nenercaq*.*

So, that's all.

**Words with everyday meanings were sometimes modified in their sound when given as names. Because of this, Eskimo names do not always have directly understandable meanings.*

From left to right: Utuan; Cuguareq; and Napiryuk, at Qissunaq, around 1928. Utuan, a shaman, was also known as Kangciurluq, and some of his exploits are described in Thomas Moses's *qanemciq* "Angalkullret/The Old Shamans." (Identifications and names supplied by Joseph and Mary Friday of Chevak; photo by Father John P. Fox, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives, and James H. Barker.)

ANGALKULLRET

Told by Thomas Moses
November 9, 1978

Angalkullerneng.

Akaareq–taw' angalkut,
tunritullrulriit,
takumni,
ui–taw' tangvagaqluk'.

. . .

Piuraqerluteng–taw',
angalkiqluteng Nunivaarmiuneng
Nunivaarmeng camaken Nunivaameng.

Waten–taw' uitayugainanermeggni–taw',
ak'a–taw' tunrileryagnaurtut,
tamakut,
angalkut tangerrluki.

Eg'arucugpaglu'-am ui
tunraliyaryaaqaqama!

. . .

Piuraqerluteng–taw',
tun'errliqatarluteng,
takumni.

THE OLD SHAMANS

This is about the old shamans.

Long ago the shamans
used to contact their familiar spirits
in my very presence;
I watched this myself.

. . .

Now at one time
they were troubled by some Nunivak
shamans,
from Nunivak Island down that way.

As they were passing time quietly
in the qaygiq,
they suddenly began conjuring,
having just seen those
shamans from Nunivak.

They would start so quickly that I
would get to their conjurings too late!

. . .

But that particular time
when they were preparing to contact
their familiar spirits,
I was there.

Angalkut–kankut,
tamalkurrarmeng–taw',
waten pugyaram awatiinun,
uyungluteng.

The shamans were on the floor,
all of them
around the opening to the entrance passage,
squatting down.

Una-i–taw' qalirluteng,
qanqernaurtut–taw' kan'a
terirquurluteng.

And down there, wearing seal-gut
rain parkas,
they were speaking among themselves
in whispers.

Qissunam painganun ellirniluki,
taukut
tailriit angalkut.

They were saying that right then, at the
mouth of the Qissunaq River,
those
Nunivak shamans were approaching.

Natmun–taw' ellillrat,
qanrutkuurluku.

They were reporting
just where they sensed the approaching
shamans were at each moment.

Tamaavet–taw' Kassigluarerkun
itreniluki,
Qamuryarakun tawamte-ll'
itreniluki.

They said that they were coming through
Kassigluareq Slough,
that they were coming over Qamuryaraq
Portage.

Uavet–taw' cama-i–taw' iterngata,
qaygim amiigakun,
igqaqsaaqluteng pugyarangqerrami,
kangtunrilngurmeng qaygiq.

Now when the Nunivakers went into
the front chamber of the qaygiq,
they tried and tried to go down the
entrance passage,
but it was not very wide.

Igqaqsaaqluteng,
atauciq–taw' igaarrlun'
malruk-ll' ukuk ataucikun igglutek,
calturlutek,
acivarciiganatek.

They kept trying,
and one made it;
then two others went down at once,
but they got wedged in together,
and could not go down farther.

Calluutnayukluki–taw' piqeryaaqluki,
calluutetuniiteki tawatnaaqata.

I was hoping there would be a fight, but
I was wrong;
when this kind of thing happened, there was
usually a fight, they say.

Al' caicukarluteng–pug'ut.
Acivarraarlutek-ll' taukuk angalkuk
puglutek mayurlutek.
Angunritait-gguq augkut qimagartut.
Tawa anguvkenaki–taw',
qimagarciluki.

Oh, they found that they had gotten
nowhere, so they just came back up
from the entrance passage.
Those two shamans had gone down and
then come right back up.
They did not capture them, and
so they fled.
Not being captured,
they were able to get away.

Ak'a-ll'-am–taw' nangluni.

And once again, this is the end of my story.

* * *

Tawaam-gguq tamaan' civuani taum,
Kangciurlur-angalkuq.*

But before this,
there were the conjurings of the shaman
Kangciurluq.*

Tawatnallermeggni
tun'errlillermeggni,
iliit-gguq–taw' teguluk' angalkut,
waten–taw' piluki,
waten maavet canirqamun.

When the shamans really began conjuring,
as they had when the Nunivakers came,
Kangciurluq used to grab the spirit of
an intruding shaman,
and, going like this,
he pulled him into the qaygiq, all the way
up to the wall.

Pugucaaqnauraa kanaggun pugyarakun,
tauna-gguq–taw' tegumiara,
waten–taw' qipcillagaqami,
ayagarutnauraa tayim.

He used to try to bring shamans' spirits up
through the entrance passage on the
floor,
and whenever a captive spirit
tried suddenly to break away and go back,
it would fade and disappear, taking
Kangciurluq with it.

Allaneng–taw'
pugutaqluk'.

Again and again Kangciurluq
brought shamans' spirits up through
the entrance passage.

**Kangciurluq, whose real name was Utuan, is the man on the left in the photograph at the beginning of this story.*

Qaneryaaqnaurtuq-gguq–taw'
taringnarqevkenani,
qanengremi,
taringyuunak'–taw' cuut makut,
qaygim iluani.

He used to keep trying to say something,
but it was never understandable,
so though he spoke,
the people in the qaygiq
could not understand.

. . .

Piuraqerluni–taw' caicukalliuk–taw'
ayagarciluku–tauna tegumiani.

On that one occasion, he held onto one of
the two who got stuck in the entrance
passage, and who fled after seeing they
had gotten nowhere.

Cuna-gguq–taun' cuna-ggur–un'
mayuami,
teguqanrilucianeng tamakunun
cugnun,
waten-gguq–taun' teguqaqatni,
tamaaggun qaimikun,
teguyaraat–taw' tauna angalkuq,
utercitevkenak',
taw'–iterrluk' qaygimun.

When Kangciurluq came back out of the
entrance passage,
he asked the people in the qaygiq why they
had not grabbed the shaman,
for if they had just touched that shaman's
spirit,
anywhere on his body,
they would have fixed him in reality,
and made him their captive;
they would have made his person appear
in the qaygiq.

Pingraateng–taw' tegusqengraaku–taum
tegumiaqestiin,
taringyuunak',
qanengraan qamaqvaneng-gguq
qanernaurtuq,
qat'gaqvamineng
taringnaqevkenani.

But though he had asked them to touch
the shaman,
the people could not understand
Kangciurluq, who was holding onto the
shaman's spirit;
for though he was talking, his speech
was coming from deep inside,
from somewhere deep inside his chest,
and it could not be understood.

Taum–taw' civuani qanemcillma uat'awa.

And that happened before the story
I just told.

Tawa-i-ll'-am nanglun'–ak'a.

And now it is already the end again.

PART TWO

QULIRAT

Tales

Girls at Qissunaq, around 1943. (Photo by Father Jules Convert, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives and James H. Barker.)

QULIREQ

Told by Thomas Moses
November 9, 1978

Nunat-wa taukut
etliniaqelriit
kuigem ciniini.

Nunauluteng,
nukalpiarluteng,
nukalpiarat-llu-gguq
paningqerrluni.

Tauna-gguq panini,
pingraatgu nulirrniangraatgu
uingevkayuunaku,
taum nukalpiarata.

Uikarautengqerrsaaqluni-gguq,
angutet iliitneng–taw' nekevyugmeng.
Taum–taw' uikarautiin,
nulirrniaryaaqluku.
Nulirrniangraaku-ggur-am–taw'
atiin–taw',
tupkevkenak'–taun' nulirrniartii,
angun,
nuliqsugtii.

Cuna-ggur-am–taw' nengaqerrlun'.

. . .

TALE

There was once a village
that lay
on the bank of a river.

This village
had a great hunter
and the great hunter
had a daughter.

Although many young men
asked to marry his daughter,
the great hunter did not permit her
to accept a husband.

There was one young man whom she
wanted for a husband
one of the young men of the village.
And this young man
tried to get her for his wife.
But though he asked to marry her, her father
would not let him,
this man
whom his daughter wanted
for a husband.

So it was, and the girl decided in anger
never to marry.

. . .

Kiitawani-gguq–taw'–taum atiin–taw',
uingesqelluk'–taw' pingyaaqaa,
uingyugpegnan'–taw';
nengaqercam'–taun'–uikani,
tupkenrilatgu.

As time passed, even her father
tried to persuade her to accept a husband,
but she did not want to;
she still was angry that the man
she wanted to marry
had been rejected by her father.

Cuuluteng–taw' cuut tawaten,
nunauluteng tawani,
kuigem ciñiini.

Well, life went on that way,
in that village there,
on the bank of the river.

. . .

Piqerluteng-gguq,
an'uq taun'
nukalpiam pania;
tan'gurraat paugkut,
nanvam kuiguam ciñiini,
cameng-taw' malirqaraluteng neplilriit
pawa-i.
Tawa-am paqnakngamiki ullalliniluk'.
Maaten-gguq–taw' tekitai,
kanaqlagmeng!

One day,
the great hunter's daughter
went outside;
behind the village some boys were playing
at the bank of an oxbow lake,
noisily chasing something.
She went up to see what they were chasing,
and when she got there,
she saw it was a muskrat!

Ak'a-gguq–taw'
piunritlinilun',
angllungremi-ll'
ak'anun anglluumananrir';
tuqutniarallinilukuk.

By that time,
the muskrat was faltering,
and though it dove,
it never stayed underwater long;
it looked like it soon would die.

Tawam,
tamaku'–pistai malirqarastai–taum
kanaqliim,
ayalegtellii taun' igurluk' kanaqlak.
Taqevkarluk'–taw',
picacuunrinrakun tuqutniaranratgun.

But then
she saved the muskrat by dispersing
the boys who were chasing it.
By the time she made them stop,
the muskrat was exhausted; it was
practically dead.

. . .

Uterqeqluteng-llu-gguq–taw',
ellii-llu-gguq–taw' uterrlun',
kinguatgun.

They went home,
and she too went home,
behind them.

Cuuluteng–taw'
icivarpak tawan'.

. . .

Piuraqerluni–taw',
callermini,
taun' arnaq,
angutmeng–uumeng,
tanglliuq:
kanaqliit-gguq-gga atkui!

Piluku–taw',
amatngurpakaami–taw' nuliqnaluk'
ullagyaaqniluku;
tawaten,
anautellermineng amatngurpakaami.

Tawa-ggur–taum civunran–taw',
tupekluku,
uingyunrilami.

Tangnerrayauluni,
tangnerrauluni-gguq–taw' taun'–angun.

Cuna-ggur–un'–nuliqluku–taw'–
nuliqsagulluku.

Piculliniluni-ggur–taun' pissuraqami–taw';
maklagculuni-llu.

. . .

Inerqurnauraa-gguq,
taum angutem,
angurrlugmeng–makut aturani,
mecungengraata,
kenillermun kanavet,
macireluki kinerciqaasqevkenaki.

And life went on as usual
for a few weeks.

. . .

Then one day,
while she was doing her chores,
the woman
saw
a man,
and his parka was made of muskrat!

He said to her
that out of gratitude he was coming
to ask her to be his wife,
out of gratitude that she had saved him
as she did.

And the woman
accepted him,
because she was still without a husband.

Now, this man was a stranger,
an odd-looking sort of stranger.

Well, he married her, and they lived
as husband and wife.

He always caught lots of game when
he hunted;
he even caught lots of bearded seal.

. . .

But this man
warned his wife repeatedly,
never ever to take his clothes,
even when they were wet,
and put them by the fire pit
to dry in the heat.

Waten,
mecungcuggluni-ll' tekitaqami.

. . .

Piuraqerlun'–taw'-em,
mecungyerarelun' tekitellrani,
alliqsai piaqai.

Kan'a–kenilleq–kan'
kumallran'
kenillerem–taum matneranun
kinercirluki.

Tayima-llu-ggur-am piinanrani
cillami uitaluni.

. . .

Piuraqerluni–taw' wa-i itliniluni.

Iterngami-llu-gguq–taw',
taukut–alliqsani,
maciraumalrii'–tangerqerluk':
eñg̃aaqerlun',
qip'arrlun' angqertelliuq–tayim .

Taum-llu-gguq–taw' nulirran,
maligarrluk'.

Maaten-gguq maligartaa,
kelutmun–awn' aqvaqulr' tawavet
nanvam tungiinun.

Elliin-llu-gguq–taw',
malirqerluk' kingunraneng–taw' uiksuamiu.

And this was how it was to be,
even if he came home all wet.

. . .

Well, on one occasion
he was all wet when he came home,
and later on she dried his grass bootliners.

When the fireplace
was lit,
she dried them
in its heat.

Her husband was gone while she was
doing this,
somewhere outside.

. . .

After a while, he came back.

Well, when he got inside,
he saw his bootliners,
which had been dried in the heat.
"Ungh!" he sighed,
and he turned around quickly and ran out.

His wife
went out after him.

She saw as she followed him
that he was running to the lake
behind the village.

And she
chased him, running right behind him,
because she still wanted him as her husband.

Imna-llu-gguq-pamn' nanvaq,
tan'gurraat–taw' malirqaravillrat
kanaqlagmeng,
tekicamiu–egmian–taw' kan'',
angllurlun'.

Tawamte'-llu-gguq–taun' arniin–taw'
tekicamiu tamte-ll',
egmian angllurluni.

Angllurraarlutek-ggur–taw' pug'uk
kanaqlaulutek,
ataucikun!

. . .

Inerqungraani-am
macireluk–taukut alliqsai,
mumigciskii kanaqlaurtenqiggluku.

Taum-llu-gguq–taw' arnam,
maliggluk'–taw' kanaqlaurrlun',
tawan'–taw' kuiguami.

Tawa-ll'-am–taw' nangluni.

Now the lake they were going to
was where the boys had been chasing
the muskrat,
and when her husband reached it, right away
he dove in.

When the woman
reached the lake herself, then
she too dove right in.

Both of them went underwater, and then
came up together,
as muskrats!

. . .

So, even though he had warned her,
she dried his bootliners in the heat.
By doing this, she made him turn back
into a muskrat.

And this woman
also became a muskrat,
right there in the oxbow lake.

And now it is the end.

The Ninglikfak River winding across the tundra below Chevak, 1978. (Photo by Anthony Woodbury)

QULIREQ

Told by Leo Moses
November 8, 1978

Tawa-llu-ggur-am–ukuk,
anuuruluqnassiilriig-am-ga,
ukuk maurluquralriik,
cuulliniaqelriik,
tawa nunayararramegni–wan',
imarpiim yaqsinrilkiini.

Tauna-gguq–taw',
tutgararulua,
taw' calistailami-llu.
Ellmineng-llu nallunrirluk'
pikngailamiki,
elliriqlutek taukuk,
anuuruluqelriik cuugaqelriik tawa,
imarpiim yaqsinrilkiini.

Tawa-gguq–taw',
pitarkar-llu–taw',
caperqerrluamiu caperqengamiu-ga,
cassuutaunani.
Umyugami piyuumillra–tawa,
antaqkii,
umyugarramikun.

TALE

The two people in this story,
as in so many stories like this,
are a grandmother and her orphan
grandson,
who stayed
in a little place
not far from the ocean.

Now
the grandson
had no one to make tools or equipment
for him,
and without those things, he could not
learn to hunt.
Oh, those two were poor,
that grandmother and her grandson
living by the sea.

Well,
game animals
were beyond his reach
since he had no equipment.
So his mind
ridded itself
of all wishes for success in hunting.

Piqerluni–tawa,
waten–taw' kiagutaqatek,
imarpiim ciñiikun,
cinirtellininaurtur–taw' mallussuareluni.

Mallungaqami–taw',
quinakevkenak' pilagluku
caviggerrangqerrami,
pilagluku–taw' ut'rulluku–taw'
neqkartaqaqluku.

Cuna-ggur–taw',
taw'–cinirpiirluni cauyuumillni–taw'
qaillun qacikluk',
umyugami pitaciani.

Imarpigkun cinirtelliniluni,
makuneng tengmianeng-ll' ayuqniarluni.

Ayuqniarpakarluni–taw' caneng makuneng
unguvalriarneng-llu,
waten,
cullritneng.
Qaillun qaciggluki makut pitaqellerkait
ellaicitun,
piyuumiryaaqluni.

Cucukek'ngaini-gguq–taw',
tunucillget makut,
taw'–cucunanqurraullruu'–taw' cakneq,
ellaicitun ayuqsuuminaqluni,
waten tengautuluteng pagaani,
cillakun.

Tamte-llu-ggur–imarpigmun mic'ameng,
tamte-llu-ggur–angllurluteng camavet,
mer'em acianun pissurluteng
neqkameggneng pissurluteng
pilluteng,
pugulluk' teng'aqluteng ataam.

One day
during the summer,
he was walking along the seashore,
looking for dead sea mammals.

Now whenever he found one,
the smell did not bother him, and he just
cut it up with his little knife,
he cut it up and brought it home as food.

And so
as he was beachcombing one day,
he thought it would somehow be easier
for him to be what he wished he were
through the power of his mind's yearning.

He walked along the seashore,
and wished he could be like the birds.

He yearned to be like all the animals,
and get a living
as well as they did.
He admired the way they caught game
so effortlessly,
and he wished and wished that some day
he could hunt as they could.

But more than anything else,
he wanted to be
like the arctic loons,
for they were an inspiration,
the way they flew up above,
through the sky.

They landed on the water
and dove down to the bottom,
hunting and catching their prey underwater,
and then emerging with it, and flying
right off again.

Ayuqniaqengamini-ggur–taw' tamakuni,
tamakut ayuqnianrulqai,
tunucillget,
tengautulit,
kuimatulit angllutuluteng
epsurtuavkenateng.

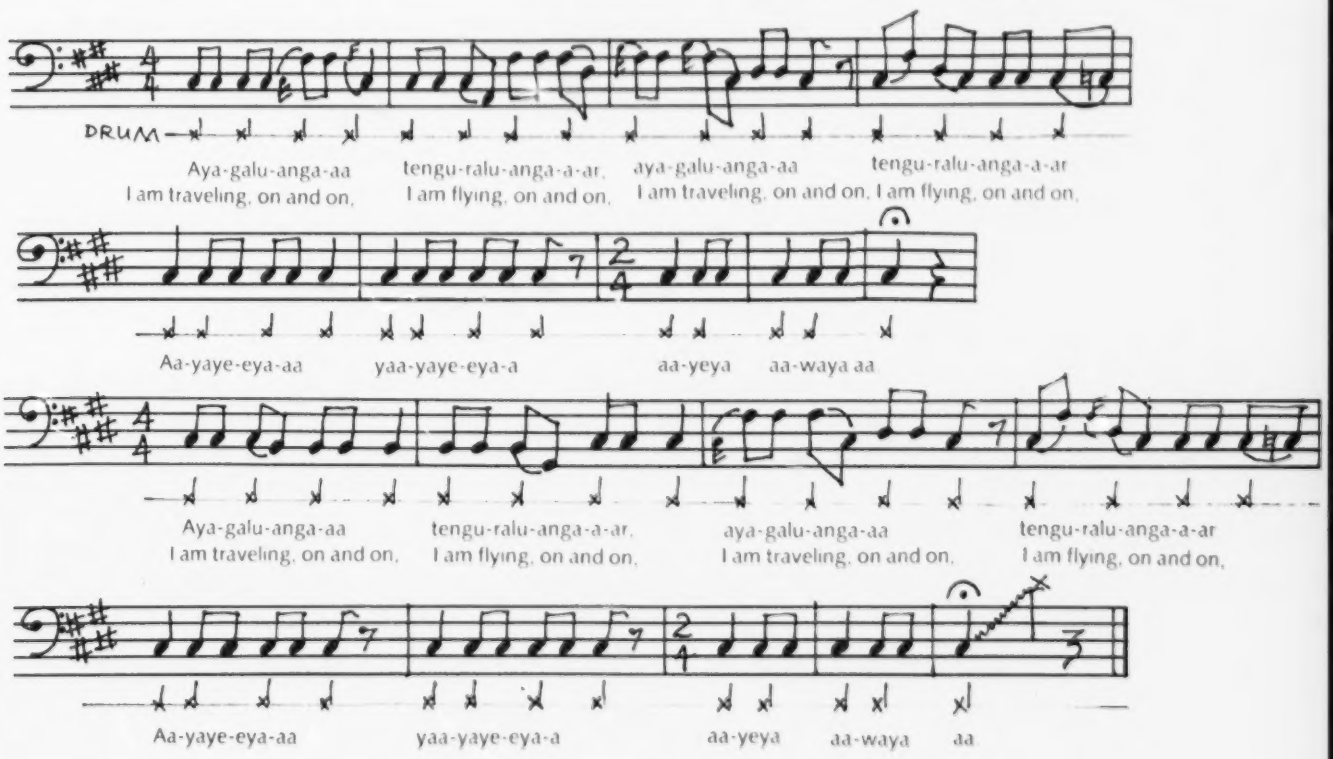
More than anything else,
he wished he were
like the arctic loons,
which flew,
swam, and dove without needing to come
up for air.

. . .

Piqerluni-gguq–taw' taw'
cinirpiirluni–taw',
ivarutmeng aturtuurluni–taw'
umyugami–taw' piyuumiryaaqellran
pitaciani,
ivarutmeng aturtuurluni,
cinirtelliniluni.

And so one day as he was beachcombing,
he was singing a song which came to him
through the power of his mind's
helpless longing,
he was singing this song
as he walked along the shore.

Ivarutii-gguq-gga–taw' waten ayuqelr':
(Ivarutii-ll'-am–cal' tamana taw',
arulacilingqerrluni–cal' ayuquq
waten–taw' yurautnguuq maa-i,
mat'um nalliini.)*

And his song went like this:
(His song
is accompanied with arm motions,
since nowadays
it is used in traditional dancing.)*

**The repeating figure represented with ♫ has a strongly accented first element, and a somewhat lengthened second element that is slightly lower in pitch than what is written for it.*

. . .

Anglluraqameng-ggur–taw' tawaten,
makut tunucillget,
Uuiiq!
waten pitullernaari'–taw'
ayuqeliluku–taw' anglluryuumirlun' cali
ellii,
imarpigkun–taw' cinirtellinilun',
ivarutmeng aturtuurluni tamatumeng.
Ellii–cal' piqeryuumiryaaqlun' tawaten.

Mallung'ngami-am–taw',
tawa-i malluni taun' ut'rutliniluku.

. . .

When the arctic loons
dove underwater, they cried
Uuiiq!
And just like that
he imitated them, wishing he could
dive as they did,
all while he walked along the shore,
singing that song.
Oh, how he wished that he could do
what the loons could!

Well, he found a carcass,
and he brought it home with him.

. . .

Umyugam-gguq–taw' kayutacia
capriutaqur–tawaten.

Ayuqniaryaaqvakarluni-gguq–taw' cuucim
ayuqucianeng mat'umeng,
umyugaq capriutaqan.

Caprit'taciani umyugam,
makut-llu piyuumilriit
ayuqeqeryuumirluki
cuuvakarluni cuum,
nukalpiat-ll' makut,
tangerkengani ayuqeqeryuumirluki
cullran-gguq tawaam cuk,
elluarrluku–taw' pivkarciqaa,
ayuqelingnatugluki elluarrluteng
pilriit cuukuneng.

Tawa-i–taw' mat'um quliram apalluqaa,
ayuqniaruciq.

By the power of his mind, he was
able to succeed.

He tried long and hard to approach the
life he admired,
whenever his mind overcame the barriers
to success.

Through the power of the mind,
those who want to
can wish to be like those who are successful,
and throughout his life,
a person can wish to be
like the great hunters he sees around him;
but a person
will only succeed in life
if he lives correctly, trying to imitate
those who are successful.

The theme of this story
is a person's will to follow those
who are successful.

Cuk,
umyugaan tawaam
piurtarkauluku-gguq,
ayuqniallran tawaam,
piyukek'ngaanun tekiutarkauluku,
tukuutem tekiuyngaitaa
piyuumatacianun-gguq,
tawaam-gguq ayuqniallran.

Kina elliriqevkenani cuukuni,
ayuqniarciquq tawaam ilamineng,
piyuumalrianeng.

Maligtaqungnaqluki-ggur–tawken
ayuqniallni maliggluku niilluku
pikuni–taw' cuuguluni.

Tawaam.

Only the mind
will make a person
continue on,
only his will to follow those who are
successful
will bring him finally to his goal.
Great wealth will not bring him all that way,
only his will to follow those who are
successful.

Whoever has very little
must aspire to do
as others around him who are more
successful do.

He must try to imitate, follow, and listen
to those he wants to be like, and only
in this way can he succeed in life.

The end.

Ikallungnaagaq, a Qissunaq man, standing in front of a traditional sod dwelling in summertime, wearing a loon-skin parka, around 1928. (Identification and name supplied by Joseph and Mary Friday of Chevak, photo by Father John P. Fox, S.J., courtesy of Gonzaga Archives, and James H. Barker.)

QULIREQ

Told by Mary Kokrak in 1977
Tape-recorded by Rosemary Kokrak Sylvester

Tawa-llu,
tauna qulireq,
irniama atiita,
ikani Ingrissaaraam nuniin'
ingrim',
uksuigaqamta,
inartaqamt'–irniani miktellratni
quliratui mat'umeng.

Can'irraam–taum
quliratui miktellratni.

. . .

Tawa-llu-ggur–ukut anngaqelriit,
etliniaqelriit kuigem ciñiini.

Kuigat-gguq–man'a,
imarpigmun anumaluni,
ua-i-gguq paing'–alaiquurluni.

Ala piculirtailnguut-gguq,
nukalpiarungremeng
tamalkurmeng,
qaillun picutacirteng
tayim nallukiit.

TALE

Well now,
this story
was told by my children's father
across there near Ingrissaareq;
When we made winter camp at the
mountain there,
when we went to bed, he would tell this
story
to his small children.

Can'irraq
told this to them when they were small.

. . .

Well, it is told, there were some brothers
who lived on a riverbank.

This river of theirs
led to the ocean,
and the mouth could be seen right from
their camp.

Oh, there were no great hunters around,
so although they were great hunters
themselves,
each one of them,
they had no idea
just how successful they really were.

Citaman anngaqelriit,
tallimirluteng taumeng tan'guurr'meng,
arnaunengqerrluteng–cal' ataucimeng.

There were four older brothers,
with a fifth brother, a little boy,
and then one little sister.

Tawa–im'um arnaunrata,
pitacirramitun,
unalliniaqkai pitait.

And that little sister of theirs
did the best she could
to take care of whatever they caught.

Nanvaq-gguq-gga pingna-ll' egcarturviat,
uqunun callernun
anuqlingraan-ll'
makuragcuunani.

There was a disposal lake out back;
into it went leftover seal oil and
other garbage,
and though the wind would blow,
the water never got ripples.

Cali-ggur–ukut ner'erkaunriraqata,
tawavet ekluki cegluki-ll',
imait maqluk' peggluki,
nanvamun.

So whenever seal oil was no longer good
to eat,
they got rid of it there after slashing the
sealskin pokes that contained it,
allowing the oil to drain
into the lake.

Tauna–taw' callivikluk' nanvaq,
piunrillerneng.

That lake was their disposal area
for things they no longer needed.

Cali-gguq,
iquatneng ayagluki anngaqliatneng,
ivruciliurciqai tungliqutaciggluki.

And their sister,
starting with her oldest brother and
working down to her youngest,
made water-boots for all in turn.

Piyugnaitaitsi maa-i.

No one does that for you nowadays.

Nakleng makut,
ivrucilistengqerrsugnaunateng!

Ah, these poor things,
they probably have no one to make
their water-boots!

Pissuryungaqata qalililuki-llu
arillulilluki-ll',
aritviluki neqet–amiitneng,
caliurtuurluki.

When it came time to go hunting, she always
made gut rainwear, and *arilluks*,
which are mittens made of fishskin,
and other necessities for them.

Taum-gguq tawa,
uyuqlikacagaata,
kevgiurturaraqai–taum,
al'qani–taun' ikayurtuurluku,
cali–qamkut anngani,
payugquareluki qantait-ll' aqvaureluki.

And
their youngest brother
always served them,
helping his older sister;
and to each of his brothers inside the qaygiq*,
he brought food, and took away the
empty plates.

Tawa-llu-gguq–waten,
qaill' pitariqerluteng,
culnguameng
cugmeng-ll' nallululuteng,
tuntussuameng-ll'
tunciq'qapiarenaurtut.

Well,
they went along in this way
through life,
knowing no other people,
and when they hunted caribou,
they caught many.

Citaman-gguq anngaqelriit,
tawa-gguq-gg'–un' anngaqliat,
taum-ggur–uyuqliaraata anngartuutekluku,
Uyivaangamineng pinauraa–taun'
anngani,
taun'–anngaqlikacagaat.

For the oldest
of the four brothers
the youngest had a nickname;
he gave the name Uyivaangaq ('The
One Who Goes Around')
to his oldest brother.

Tuqluucirlug'–Uyivaangamineng.

He called him Uyivaangaq.

. . .

Piqerluni,
kiagucit iliitni,
tamalliniuq imn' uyuqlikacagaat,
tayim kiagmi.

At one time
one summer
the youngest brother disappeared;
he was nowhere to be found that summer.

Aal'–ilalketa!

Oh, how sad it was for them!

Ivarvigkarairutellriit-gguq
cuna-gg'–ukut culriit anngai,
cayaaqluteng taqluteng.

There was nowhere left to look,
and his older brothers, realizing this,
just gave up their hopeless search.

Kiitawani-gguq,
qaygimeggneng
an'nanrirtut.

As time passed,
they no longer went out
of their qaygiq.

Qaygiq: traditional men's communal house.

Kiitawani-gguq
qavanglingut tupagnanrirluteng-ll'
ilacirluteng-gguq.

Al'qaat-gguq-gga qangkun,
ilutequreluni.

. . .

Piqerluni–tawa-ll' kiagumainanrani,
qakemna nenglengqercilluku cilla,
nengelmeng waten uksuryungqercilluku.

Al'qaat–imn'
al'qaat-gguq tawaam
un'–pekcitngunaurtuq,
anluni.

Kuigaaremeng-gguq-gga kiug'umeng
paing'–alaunaku,
kuigtangqerraqelr'.

Awatmun tak'legmeng,
ingriineng agaa-i,
ingrit–agkut cinirrluki natetmun awatmun.

Ingringqerrlun' kelulirneq,
kuigaaraat–taman'.

Cillamelviirlun' unuakunam–waten,
angutngunerrlugan'–imkut,
pekengyunrilata.

Piqanrituq-gguq,
tawaken kiugn' an'uq,
qayarrlugaq!

Ugaani-gguq qayarrliqem,
iquuk qalurrlutek.
Qayaksagaq!

And as time passed,
they began sleeping all the time,
never awakening;
they did nothing at all.

And their sister too
was in sorrow.

. . .

Now one day at the end of summer,
the weather was getting cold
and winter was approaching.

Their sister
was the only one who was up and about,
and so she went outside.

There was a slough upstream, whose
mouth was visible;
there was a slough right there.

It followed
a ridge of mountains just beyond it,
flowing in front of the mountain ridge.

The mountains and the slough
were both behind the camp.

One morning the sister
was making one of her outings,
since her brothers would not come out and
go anywhere.

Without warning,
there came from that slough
an ugly, ugly kayak!

A kayak so miserable
that both ends were pointed upwards.
A very ugly old kayak!

Anelreluni-llu-ggur–uka-i,
ceggaluni una,
anguksagar–ukna.

Anguarutni pakigaqaku
aglurtem ugaan'–man'' qayaksagaa,
qayarrliqem ugaani.

Tawa-llu-gguq apurpegnaku-ll',
apurpegnak' kana-i keteqvani,
keteqvaareni.

"Waqaurluq?"
"Qaill'–taw' piaqtessi?"

"Aakiika–tang–kiugkut,
angutngunrenka,
ilacilriit,
qaygimeggneng-llu an'nanrirluteng,
tupagnanrirluteng-ll',
uyuqliaramteñeng imumeng tamalriameng,
ivaryaaqvimineng nalleksunrilamiu!"

"Uyuqliarerci–tang kia-i,
anuuruluma qanrutkaa."
Kana-i-gguq
cinaq-ll' mallegpegnak',
pugtaureluni.

"Anuuruluma qanrucartusqengaci,
qanrucarturamci.

"Uyuqliarerci-gguq–tang kiugna,
nukalpiam,
ayaulluku,
nangtaqaqkii kia-i kiagpak.

And in it,
coming downstream in a friendly manner,
was a very ugly man.

At each stroke of his paddle,
his old kayak yawed;
that is how miserable it was!

Well now, he did not just land on the bank;
he did not quite get there, but stayed
far out,
just close enough to be heard.

"Why, hello!" she called.
And he answered, "How are you all doing?"

"Well, you see,
my brothers
are idling,
they do not emerge from their qaygiq
any more,
and they do not awaken,
for our youngest brother is lost;
no matter where they look, they
cannot find him!"

"Your youngest brother is upriver;
my grandmother told me about him."
He was down below her,
some way out from the riverbank,
floating in his kayak.

"My grandmother had me come
and tell you,
and now I am here.

"You see, your youngest brother is upriver.
A great hunter
took him away,
and has been torturing him up there
all summer.

"Tangercitaaqaqluku atakuraqan,
nunat–cuit quyurrluki qaygimun,
ilalkelluku,
nangtauvkarluk' nanglluku
tangercitaaqaqkii.

"Ayuqucia–tang waten,
nutaan-llu pivkenani
nunaneng nangtarkamineng,
aqvataqelr',
nangtaqluk' tangercitaarkamineng.

"Cali,
pinarikaci,
pisqekaci qanrucarturciqamci,
angutngunten.

"Cateng-gguq tawaam akluteng,
cassuuteteng piliteki!"

Itreluni-llu-gguq–tayim
ugirterraarluni.

. . .

Iterlun' qaygimun-gguq
itrami pii:
"Angenruvagg elpecini!

"Kaaka-ggur–uyuqliarerci,
nukalpiam,
ak'a–kiag–ayaulluku nunameggnun,
nangtaqaqkii qama-i."

. . .

"He displays him every evening
in the qaygiq, before the gathered villagers.
There he torments him,
making him suffer for the amusement
of those watching.

"You see, it has been this way before,
this is not the first time
that he has gotten
his victims from other villages,
so he could torture them for public display.

"So then,
when it is time to take action,
and I am sent to alert you, I will be here
for your brothers.

"But all of their things, their weapons
and their equipment, all must be
gotten ready."

And that man went back upriver,
having scarcely banked his kayak.

. . .

She went into the qaygiq;
having entered, she addressed her brothers:
"How shameful you are, just lying there!

"Now it turns out your youngest brother
was taken away by a great hunter
to his village,
and up there, he tortures him."

. . .

Ala nawima-gguq–imkut,
qanrucateng,
cengqurpak angutngunri,
qayateng aminqigqelluki cateng
nutarrluki,
uptellermeggni,
Uyivaangaq-gguq–taun'.

Oh, when she told them,
like a clap of thunder
those brothers of hers
put new skins on their kayaks and fixed
their equipment,
and as they got ready,
none was so eager as the one called
Uyivaangaq.

. . .

Piqanrituq,
qakemna uksuryugluni,
qayarrlugar-am
imna–man''–anelralliniuq.

One day,
when winter was fast approaching,
it seems that ugly kayak
came downriver again.

Al'qaata-am–taw' keyirraan
tangvagtekluku.

And again their sister was the only one
who saw.

Imum-llu-gguq mallenqelluku,
qanerlun': "Am-gguq–taw',
unuaqu,
unuakuaremeng taikilit!
Taikici taikilit!

He came in closer this time,
and he said: "Them in there!
Tomorrow at dawn,
have them come to me!
Have them come to me!

"Ui-gguq–amani,
kiug'um paingani
amavet anumallrani."

"And I will be on this side of the river
near the mouth of that slough upriver,
near where it empties out."

Yaqsinrilengraata-am
nunat taukut
niiteksaitelliit.

Although their destination was not far away,
it seems that the brothers had not heard
of the village upstream.

"Anumanran paingani,
atanqeciqanka–kuvyacuarlua."

"Where the slough flows out,
I will wait for them, net-fishing."

. . .

Qanrraarluni-llu-ggur–iterluni,
nerinitellriit-gguq-gga taukut.

After he spoke, she went into the qaygiq.
There, her brothers waited impatiently.

Qanrucateng-gguq
tawa-llu-kiq–tayim unuan qavart'?

. . .

Arnaunerteng-am–unilluk'–ercan,
ayalliniuq–taw',
tawaggun iterluteng pisquciatun,
atanqeciqnillruateng-ggur–amani.

Maaten-ggur–anyarturtut
anngaqlirteng civuqliqluku,
kuvyacualr'–yaa-i.

Maaten-gguq an'ut,
nunat–kiugkut kiatiitni-gga-gguq.

Uatiitni tekiqaallermeggni,
enerrlugaak kiugna
kia-i nunat cillairrluki;
nunaqulluut.

Tawa-elpekevkarpegnateng
unuakuaraungan
pekengvailgata tekicameng,
itliniluteng.

Itertut-gguq,
anuurulur–una,
maurluq:
"Tawaq'aa tekituci."
"Ai-i."
"Ampi!
Aqumluci!

She told them what he said.
Oh, I wonder how they ever slept that night!

. . .

When dawn came, they left their sister
behind,
and they departed;
they went upriver as the man had instructed,
for he had told them he would wait for them
beyond the slough.

When they went out toward the mouth of
the slough,
with the oldest brother in the lead,
the man was there, net-fishing.

From where they were then,
the man's village was upstream.

They arrived just below the main village,
but their host's old house
was upriver, some way past the main
village
that huge village.

Well, they did not draw anyone's attention
since it was early in the morning,
before people were up and about, when
they arrived;
they went into the house.

They went in;
there was the grandmother,
an old grandma, and she said:
"Well now, you came."
"Yes."
"Come!
Sit down!

"Ununercirc'–atakuku–tawaam,
pinarikan tangerrsarturniarerci
qaygimi–ama-i uitauq."

"Wait until night tonight,
and when the time comes you will go
down to see your youngest brother;
he is staying over there in the qaygiq."

. . .

Nerinilluteng-ggur–unullerkaaneng;
cuuluteng;
piqerluteng,
pillinii:
"Qama-i-ggur-am–tawa,
qaygi paqtaarluki."
Tutgararuluum:
"Eglengut-ggur-am yaa-i,
anuuruluma picirkiuraaneng."

They were impatient for night to come;
they passed the time;
finally,
the grandson told them:
"I've been watching
what is happening in the qaygiq."
He continued:
"Now they are beginning their activities.
You must follow my grandmother's
directions."

Ala nangercaaqnaurtut-gguq,
anuuruluum qanerpakarlun'
aqumqeñaurai qetugangraata,
atatakuquurluk'.

Oh from time to time they tried to
stand up,
but the grandmother cautioned them
each time
and made them sit down in spite of their
eagerness,
telling them to wait a while.

Tutgararuluq–tawaan–taun'
pinrilnguarlun' paqcinaurtuq.

Meanwhile, the grandson
kept an eye on the qaygiq, without letting
on he was doing so.

. . .

Ala maaten-gguq tamlegian:
"Atulleramneng–atag'–all'uten,
egalerkun tangerrsarturraarru!
Civumeng anngaqliiq!

Oh, when night came, she said:
"Come on, put on my old clothing,
and go ahead and see the boy through the
smoke window in the roof of the
qaygiq.
You first, oldest brother!

"Taringutkeciqaatgen,
allanruyuksuaraatgen,
curturluteng-ll'–atam
iterviilnguut piniartut."

"Otherwise, they will discover you
and suspect you are a stranger.
And watch out for those on top of the
qaygiq, peering down through the
smoke window,
those who cannot get inside to watch."

. . .

Maaten-ggur–itraameng,
apuryarturait,
ceryarpagg–nenglarluteng,
curtulriit-llu-gguq pikegkut,
nenglarluteng.
Mayulliut.

When they went up to the qaygiq
and approached the crowd,
there was great noise and laughter;
the people who watched by peering down
through the smoke window
were laughing too.
Uyivaangaq and the grandson climbed up
to join them.

Ala-qarcamegteggu-gguq ilaita,
anuurulur-am,
nukalpiaq,
kautuuryuareluni-gguq,
anuuruluum atkussaarai
pilugullraak-ll',
mikelkelluki.
Ayaruaraaneng-ll',
ayarirlun'–nacarlun'.

Oh, dear, then some of them noticed him,
this "grandmother,"
a great hunter
who was stuffed inside meager clothing,
the grandmother's meager parka and
worn-out boots,
all too small.
And her cane,
he used her cane, and wore her hood.

"Nakluurluq!
Anuurulur–ata–tang–man''
curturyallinilria!"

"Oh, the poor thing!" the people said.
"That grandma, she's here once again, look!
She's coming to peer through the window!"

Kukiyeggluni-ggur–mayurlun'
egalermun.
Nunaminun uum eviin,
imna–man'a,
egalrem,
akitii–tegumiaqluku.
Uputaaqilitgu,
"Anuurulurmi-ll' tayarnerpalgussiyaa!"

Leaning shakily on the cane, he climbed
to the window.
When he crouched down next to one
of them,
the oldest brother
held with his hand
onto the inner edge of the window.
They gossiped about him openly:
"Oh, the grandmother has such big
wrists!"

. . .

Maaten-ggur–uyangtut.
Qerr'eng! Kiugna,
ca kiugna,
nukalpiaq-gguq-gg'
kiugn'–egkum–qukaani
inglerni taklalria.

Ketiini-gga-gguq,
qurrullugpakayak,
ugaani-gguq teq'im,
imaa qercurpak teq'umeng.

Una-gguq-gga–cal' nuniini,
arevrem–keggayga,
qukamikun ukinerluni,
ciñii–keggsayagarlun',
kiliqtariarkauluni.

Ikna-gguq-gga–cali,
agaalirnerm' ualirneraatni cuut,
angutnaareq,
aqumgalr'.

Qaygi-gguq-gga–man'' kenurerrlainaq.

Tawa-ll' tauna
angutnaarer–ika-i
qanlliniuq:

"Avaqutaa–ata,
uitavkenang!
Ukut tangssiilluki,
piki atakuat nanilcarluk'!"

. . .

When they looked in,
oh pity! In there
there was someone,
it was the great hunter of the village,
in the middle of the rear corner
of the qaygiq,
on the sleeping platform, lying down.

And there below him
was a great, wicked cask of urine.
Oh, the way the urine in it looked,
why, it was pure white with age!

And there next to it
was the shoulderblade of a bowhead whale,
with a hole through the middle
that had saw-teeth around its edges,
sharp enough to cause wounds.

And across from that,
on the other side of the qaygiq, closer to
the exit than the other people,
there was an old man,
sitting down.

The qaygiq was full of lights.

And then,
the old man there on the other side
spoke:

"My son,
do not stay idle!
Entertain these people,
go ahead, and shorten their evening!"

. . .

Ala makcimaalliniuq tauna kiugna
nukalpiaq,
makcami-llu-ggur–atreluni.

Cug'uciinani-gguq cameng,
uliksagarmeng tuntussaaremeng
patumalun',
nallii–taum.
Nakl'!

Uliirteraa-gguq,
imna-kan'' qerr'eŋg!
Kemeknaggaunan' qainga-gguq-gga,
kumelriatun tawa ciyanerrlain',
kiliqtallerrlainaq,
kemgunani,
matarayagarmi.

Ilall',
perriutmeng-gguq tegulluni,
qaini man'a mecungcaku.

Qaygi-gga-ggur–man''
pugyararraa keyim' cugneng.

Kirrelvagilun' qalervaglun',
akaaraluni.

Arevrem-llu-gguq–taumeng ukinrakun,
ac'iqurtarluku kiliqtarluk'.

Oh, he sat up slowly, that great hunter in
the rear of the qaygiq,
and when he was up, he stepped down to
the floor.

With him he brought down the boy, who
scarcely looked human;
he was covered with something, an old
blanket, a tattered caribou hide,
but there he was.
What a pity!

When he tore the blanket off,
there he was down there, poor thing!
He was skin and bones, and his body
was like that of a person with itching sores,
covered with scratches,
covered with cuts,
skinny,
and naked.

Oh, the agony!
He took a rag
that he had wetted with stale urine, and
wiped the boy's body.

And the whole qaygiq was full;
only the entrance passage was clear
of people.

The boy was burning with pain and
wailing in agony,
crying "Ohh oww!"

And he put that whale's shoulderblade on
the boy,
with his head and shoulders coming through
the hole, cutting him on the sharp
edges.

Peg'arcani-gguq,
qanpacugtuq,
taringevkarluki-ll' anngani:
"Aakaa!
Uyivaangama-tuq wanir–tanvaglia!"
Uuminaksaga!
"Uyivaangama-tuq–wanir,
tangvaguaqerlia!"

When he released him,
the boy spoke,
and his older brother was able to
understand:
"Ohhh owww!
I wish Uyivaangaq could see me now!"
Oh dear, his pain!
"If only Uyivaangaq
could see me now!"

. . .

Uyivaangani–niicitekluku.

Uyivaangaq heard him.

Tawa-llu-gguq–taum agluqugni kegglukek.

And he clenched his teeth together.

Nangcitiin:
"Caurlurmiaqsit-llu–tan waten
piaqamken-ll' uluc'ukegcirluten?"

The boy's tormentor said:
"Why do you keep talking when I do this
to you, wagging your swollen tongue?"

Nakleng!
Uyivaangaurluum,
nallumini–man'a,
mengqutuingan–elpekaat.
Eqetlermi-ggur–nalkegnegun kepliak!

Oh poor
Uyivaangaq!
Without his knowing it,
those around him were aware of him
in a flash.
It seems he dug his fingers right through
the windowframe he was holding onto!

Eq'urtellermini,
nangrallagtur-ggur–"Agnaurtukut!"

And as his rage grew,
Uyivaangaq stood up, saying, "Let's go over
to the grandmother's house!"

Cakuni-kiq-gguq-gguq,
anuuruluunguaryarta?

Well now, they all wondered,
could he be pretending to be
a grandmother?

Itrami-llu-gguq,
anuuruluum atkullraineng
naklegyugyugnaituq,
waken–ayakarluk',
pal'tuugilriatun.

When he entered her house,
he had no pity on her miserable
old pullover parka,
and he just tore it open from the front,
the way you take off a coat.

Anuurulur-ggur–aripluariyaaqlun':
"Aal'–atkullraanka–piunrirlug'–ilall'!"

And the grandmother complained,
"Oh! My old parka is being ruined, oh my goodness!"

Kenruyuteksugnaunak':
"Qayginaurtukut!"

This did not stop him:
"Let's go to the qaygiq!" he said.

Upqullugturluteng-ggur–atureluteng,
anuuruluq-gguq-gga–taun',
camineng qivruareyaaqlun'–
ilangciqerkaraunan'.

And they all prepared quickly, putting on their clothes,
while the grandmother
kept lamenting over her things, unable to get anyone's attention.

. . .

Agluteng-gguq,
tutgararuluq civuqliqluku,
tukurerteng.

They went over,
led by their host,
the grandson.

Imumeng-gguq pugngami tutgararuluq,
cuut akuliitgun,
enminun–uavet,
inglernun anelraqil'.—Ukut-llu-ggur—
emairrluteng qaygimiut!

And when the grandson came up from the entrance passage,
he went through the crowd
to his usual place near the upper entrance,
walking toward the platform there—then the people in the qaygiq became still!

Imna tutgararuluq,
mayulliniluni,
kepnerem quliinun–ingluvaqvanun.

The grandson
climbed up
above the upper entrance, toward the other side.

Tauna–tawamte-ll'–Uyivaangaq–kinguakun mayuam',
taum-ll' tutgararuluum nuniinun aqumluni.

And Uyivaangaq followed him up,
and sat down right beside him.

Cuna-ggur–un',
anngaqlerteng man'a,
tungliqutacigglug'–yaavet.

And following
their oldest brother
came the others, from the oldest to the youngest.

Imkut-llu-ggur–emairrluteng–tawa,
tauna-ll' nukalpiaq,
emaicuglun'–uitaluni,
taklarrluni-ggur-am–tawa mernuircilliniluni.

Well, the people were completely
silent then,
and the great hunter too
was silent, and stayed where he was.
Then he lay down, and took a rest.

Qaygi-gguq-gg'–man'' cugyanqegcaaralria.

The qaygiq was packed with people.

Ayagmeng-ggur–kaugtuutarkameggneng,
uyurani taukut alarqualuki,
cugneng–kaugesqelluki–taw'.

The brothers had prepared war clubs
beforehand;
and Uyivaangaq had instructed them
to club all the people in the qaygiq.

. . .

Piqerluni–tawa–ll',
ati'–ikn'–qanlliniuq:
"Avaqutaa–ata,
allaneten,
aliayugcitevkenaki!
Aavurrluki piki tangssiilluki!"

Just then,
the great hunter's father spoke from across
the qaygiq:
"My son,
attend to your visitors
and take away their sadness!
Amuse them! Go ahead now, and
entertain them!"

. . .

Imna-ggu'–qetunraa,
nangerrnaciallugturtuq,
taukuneng–taw' tangerkengamineng piluni.

And his son
was slow in standing up,
slow because of those whom he saw.

Nangercan-gguq,
kan'a–uyurerteng–uliirteraku,
Uyivaanga'–qeckartuq:

When he did stand up,
and when he pulled the blanket off their
youngest brother down below him,
Uyivaangaq jumped down, and said:

"Taumeng mikelngurmeng,
pessurnairngaituten.
Ayankuuluku pessurnairutekngaitan
aavurutekeng'erpeggu.

"With that child
you will not be satisfied.
He is little, and he will not satisfy you,
even though you are having fun
with him now.

"Uangkugneng–tawaam
tangvakuneng,
aavurciiqut–elluarrluteng.
Uatpiurluq tayim nangyutlerteng!"

"But the two of us!
If the people watch us,
well, then they will have some real fun.
And, poor fellow, you will never have one
like him to torment again!"

. . .

Ala!
Imna-ggur–nukalpia'–qec'ani,
angluni tauna tukua,
Uyivaangaq-ll' mikellruluni.

Oh!
When he grabbed that great hunter
around the middle,
you could see how big this host
of his was,
while Uyivaangaq was smaller.

Taw'–akuulluteng–matarmeng.

They embraced each other with their
parkas off.

Tallig–enkegtengnaqliniak–taw'–elliitun.

Each tried to get the best hold on the other.

Cuna-ggur–enkegtengnaqlukek,
pingnatullran',
tukuan–uum: "Piyia–wanikuaqu!
Wanikuaqu pivkenang!"
Qeyngiinaullutek.

Uyivaangaq was trying to get his arms well
positioned,
and as he was doing this,
his host said, "Wait, just a minute!
Just a minute, don't do it!"
But they squeezed each other harder
and harder.

Piqerluni-ggur–un',
qeyngiinaani,
tukua–ak'a-ll'–augmeng tek'allaglun'–
qanmikun.

Suddenly the host,
as he was being squeezed harder and harder,
just spewed his blood out through
his mouth.

Uyivaangam,
atiinun qer'ararutlia:
"Tangrriu!
Qetunraan–amalilkelluku,
qetunraqvakaqen!"

Uyivaangaq
brought him over to his father:
"Look at him!
You thought your son was a great man,
this one here who was your son until now!"

Atiin-llu-ggu'–qainganun–elliamiu,
kenekcaarulluk'–atii-ll'–
mamcarngariamikek.

And then he laid him on top of his father,
pushed down on him, and practically
flattened the two together.

Aal' qalervagluteng-gguq!
Iliita-ll'–kan'a–cukircirlug'–anyungraa',
caskuarailngarluki.

Oh, by then the crowd was wailing!
And one of the brothers was blocking the entrance passage, so that those wanting to leave could not;
that way, none of the people would have weapons to fight back with.

"Mak'ussaaraat-ll'–maani,
anglaningnaqliniaqelriaci,
mikelngurmeng-kiq–cakanirnaluci anglaningnaqaqtessi?"
Anngaqliata-ggu'–qanerturaulluki.

"You ugly people in here,
you who have been amusing yourselves,
how could a child have added to your pleasure?"
In this way the older brother addressed them.

Uyivaangam-ggur–imum kaugtuutan',
atauciuluku-ll'–iqucuunaku,
qayutuuluk'–taw'–aggnaurai cuut.

Then Uyivaangaq, with each blow of his club,
struck down not one
but several people, sending them to their deaths.

Anngameng-llu-gguq,
nunat-ll'–taw'–qayginritqallret pukugluki.
Agluteng-llu.

Well, when they came out,
the brothers finished off the rest of the villagers, the ones that had not been at the qaygiq.
And so those people too went to their deaths.

. . .

Anuuruluq-gguq–taun'–cungilkartelleq–atkussaaramineng,
waken-ggur–ayakarluk',
pal'tuugilriatun,
caq'qurluk'.

And the grandmother was still complaining about her old parka,
which the oldest brother had simply opened from the front,
the way you take off a coat,
tearing it apart.

Agucatgu-gguq,
ellisqelluk' anuuruluum–taum civuqaminun.

When they brought their youngest brother over,
the grandmother told them to set him before her.

Qaillun-kir-gguq–tayim
uklimair'
qainga–ciyaktaumalr' mamtau?

How in the world could
one who is cut in pieces,
whose body is covered with scratches,
be healed?

Anuuruluum–taum tauna uyuqlikacagaat,
elucillernaaratun-ggur-am–elliqiliu–
nuvamineng.

But the grandmother restored the youngest
brother
to his former condition with her saliva.

Caureluk'-taun',
piurluk' wanirpak–mamluki–ciyanri.
Amatngurrluteng-gguq!

She did something
which healed his wounds immediately.
They were all very, very grateful!

Uitayunqigtut,
ayagyugluteng–aqvaciqnilukek,
kingukun–angyangqerrameng,
amatngurtellriit-gguq.

The brothers wanted to stay another night
with the grandson and his grand-
mother,
and when they left, they said they would
come back to get them,
later, with their boat,
because they were grateful.

Uterrluteng-llu-ggur–unuaquan',
arnaunerteng-gguq–taw' tekitaat.
Ala
quyalria-gguq–taw' arnaunrat–cakneq!

They left the next day
and came home to their sister.
Oh
how very grateful she was!

Qakuan-ll'–unuaquan',
aqvayuglukek–tutgararuluunkuk,
ayagluteng angyarluteng–tayim
anngai–nallmegteggun,
tekiullukek.

And the day after that,
they wanted to go back for the grandson
and his grandmother,
so the older brothers went off in their
boat to where they had been,
and they brought them back.

Tekiucamegtekek-llu-gguq,
amatngurtem–ugaani.

They brought the two home with them
in gratitude for what they had done.

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